JULY 29, 1972

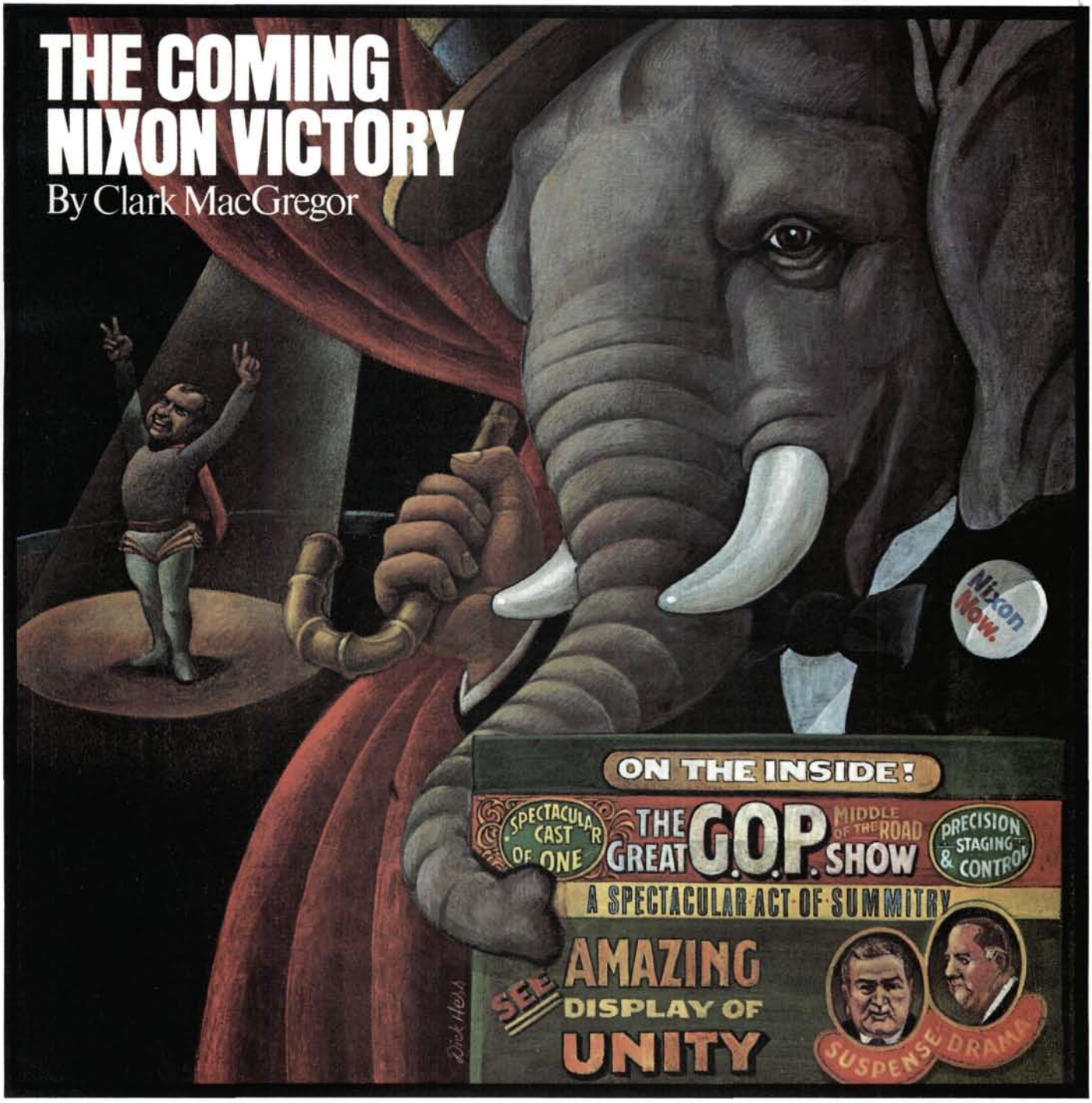
Saturday Review

FIFTY CENTS

THE SOCIETY

A Radical Guide to Wedlock

Smart Bombs and Dumb Strategy



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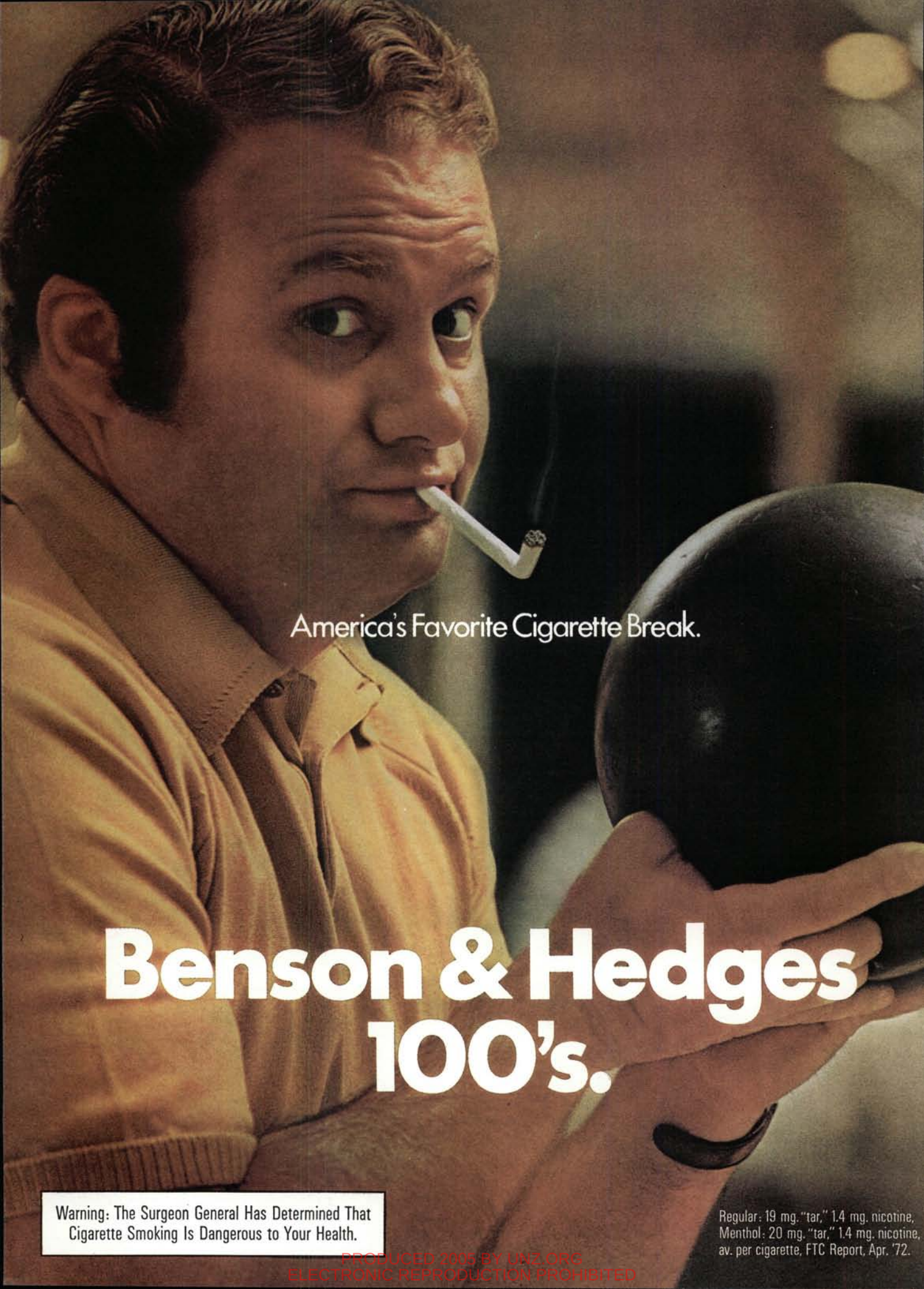
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When it comes to handling, Volvo and Mercedes are pretty close. Both cars have a shorter turning radius than VW. Power steering. And power disc brakes on all four wheels.

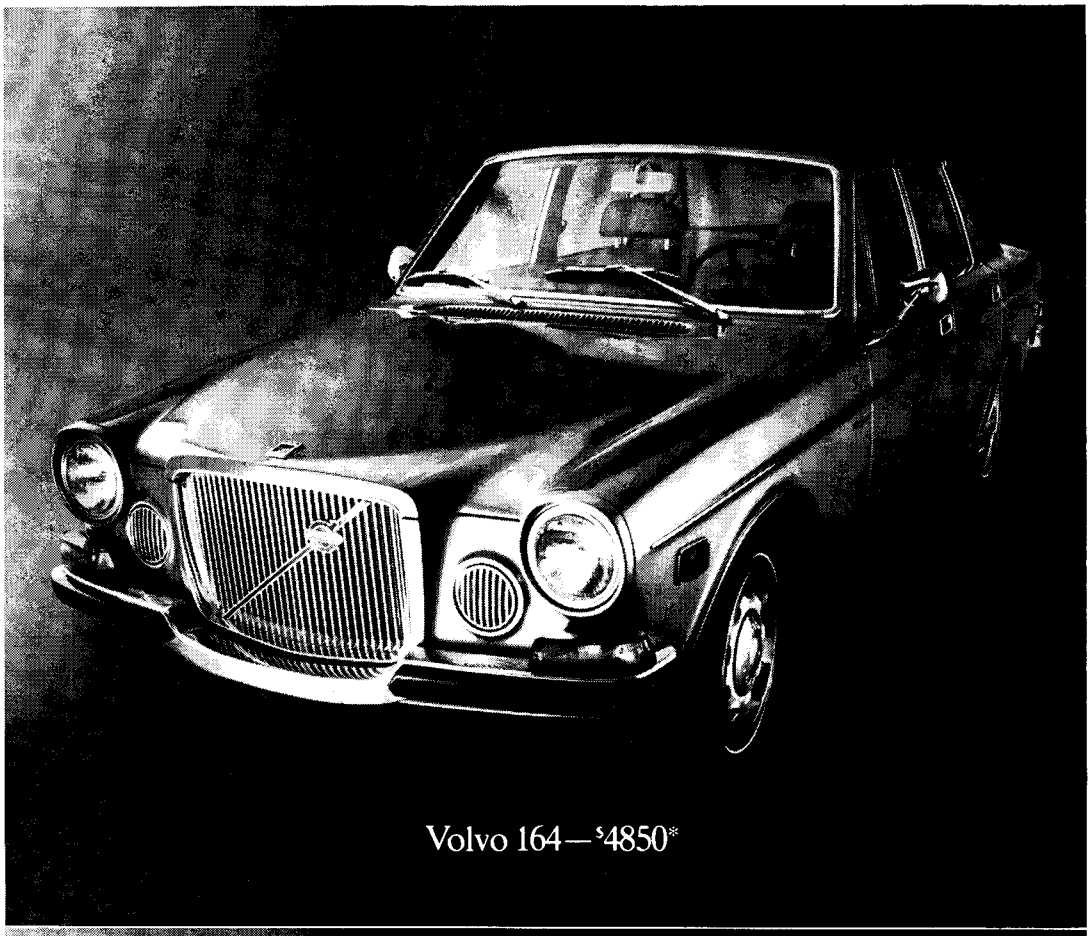
Unlike Volvo, Mercedes does come with a fully independent suspension. One for Mercedes. But unlike Mercedes, Volvo comes with radial tires. One for us.

When it comes to performance, the Volvo 164 not only stays with the Mercedes 250, but leaves it behind. A fuel injected three-liter engine makes our car faster than the Mercedes and its carburetors. As Road & Track magazine found out when they timed the two.

One thing Mercedes gives you that Volvo doesn't is that three-pointed star on the hood.

But for $2300 you can buy a lot of stars. And the moon, too.

VOLVO



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Mercedes-Benz 250—$7218*

*Based on $7218 manufacturers suggested retail price POE for Mercedes-Benz 250 Sedan and $4850 for Volvo 164E Sedan, exclusive of dealer delivery, dealer preparation and state and local taxes.

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Saturday Review of the Society

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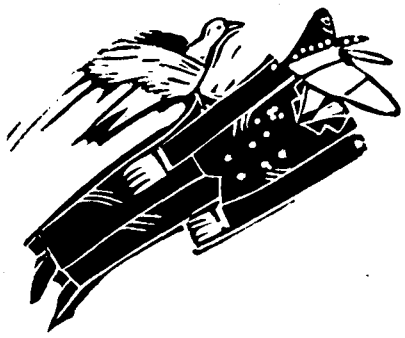

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Cover: Dick Hess; pp. 7, 12, 14, 17 illustrations by Randall Enos; pp. 28-29 illustration by Alan E. Cober; pp. 33, 35-36, 38 illustrations by Ronald Searle; p. 41 illustration by Dick Hess; pp. 44-45, 47 Norman Snyder; p. 48 Art Shay; p. 56 John D. Schiff; Jill Krementz
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SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $23.88 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 31. © 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved. Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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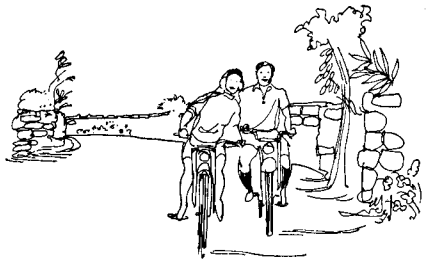
BERMUDA

...an open letter to those who love it.

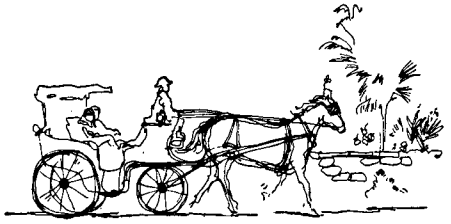
In the past 40 years only two major hotels have been constructed on the island of Bermuda. Unlike many resort areas which have become popular, the traditions, environment and ecology of Bermuda have been protected by Bermudians who love their island and, to the best of their ability, have prevented the indiscriminate exploitation of its natural beauty.

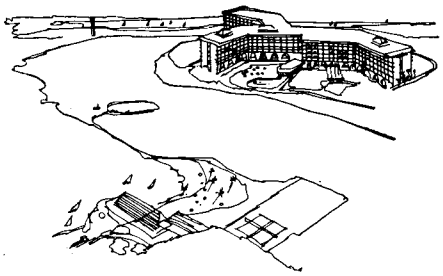
For example, the automobile. Debates over its introduction to the island raged for years. When small cars finally were permitted, their number was rigidly regulated. They were leashed to 20 mph and few concessions were made to accommodate them. The winding, scenic roads were left to their beauty.



When the construction of a new hotel is approved, building restrictions are formidable and planning progresses under constant supervision of the Bermuda government. The needs of the people as well as the orderly growth of the island are carefully considered.

So it was with the new Southampton Princess Hotel, Golf and Beach Club which opens August 17 of this year.



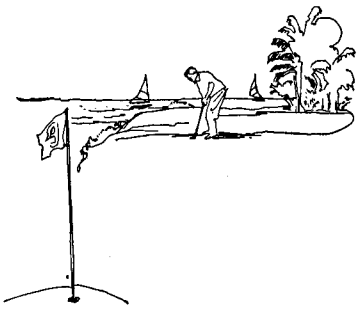


Every effort was made to design the hotel to complement the natural terrain, a magnificent setting near Gibbs Hill Lighthouse on the famous South Shore which affords every room sweeping ocean views. Natural coral rock formations at the beach and the island's own foliage have been retained in their original state, with construction adapting to them rather than replacing them.

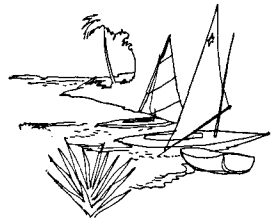
The site extends across the entire island. It begins at the Beach Club on the Atlantic, stretches across the rolling fairways of its own 18 hole golf course, and meets the sea again at historic Waterlot Inn. It is a self-contained resort world which will not bring congestion to the picturesque roads of Bermuda with additional motor bike and taxi traffic.

Within the property it is possible to go leisurely on an internal tram system from the hotel to the golf club, tennis courts and beach on one side; to Waterlot Inn and the private dock on the opposite side of the island. Fishing boats and cruisers stop at the dock and Bermuda's water sports as well are enjoyed here. The hotel also has indoor and outdoor pools, men's and women's health clubs and saunas and its own water distillation plant.

The Port Royal Golf Course is just 10 minutes away, along the South Shore Road; Riddell's Bay Golf Course the same distance across the island. Guests who want to explore the island's many sightseeing attractions are only 20 minutes from Hamilton and its lovely shops. Here too is the sister resort of the Southampton Princess – the popular and fashionable Princess Hotel, which overlooks the harbour and where guests of the Southampton Princess enjoy full exchange privileges.



So Bermuda has a new hotel, but it is a new hotel that we believe Bermudians themselves will enjoy and one that those who have loved Bermuda over many years will appreciate for all that it contains and all that it adds to the beautiful island.



For information or reservations, consult your travel agent or Princess Hotels International, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019, Phone (212) 489-1700. Offices also in San Francisco (415) 392-3933, and Toronto (416) 863-1087. There are Princess Hotels in the Bahamas – the Xanadu Princess and International Hotel; in Mexico – the Acapulco Princess Hotel & Club de Golf; in San Francisco – the Sir Francis Drake.

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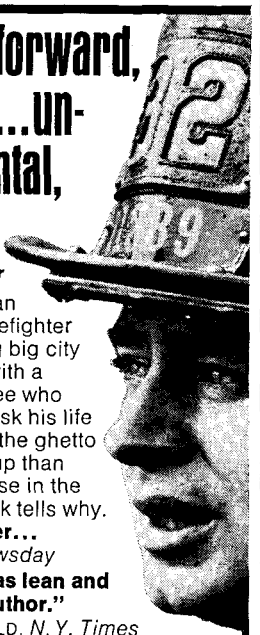

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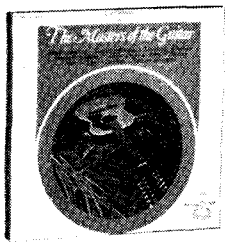

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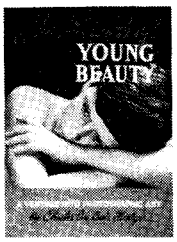

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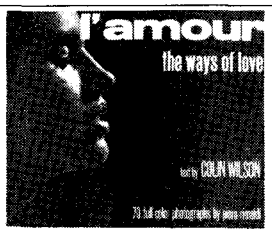

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Chicago

St. Louis

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*Based on the average number of divorces 1969-71 compared to marriages seven years earlier (the median duration of marriages ending in divorce is seven years).
Source: Bureau of Census, U.S. Department of Commerce; Public Health Service, U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

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SR
UP FRONT

JULY 29, 1972

Major Bunting's Farewell Address

BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

WEST POINT, N. Y.—Major Josiah Bunting III. Rhodes Scholar. Virginia Military Institute honor graduate and first captain. Assistant professor of history at West Point. Thirty-two years old. He is tall and tanned, and a bit worn looking this afternoon. He is wearing summer khakis. On his chest are airborne wings and a combat infantryman's badge. His wife, Diana, is elegantly beautiful. When she speaks, her voice rings of . . . well, *class*. In another age the Buntings would be the ideal army couple, a Winning Team, in the current jargon. He could look forward to becoming a general, she his lady, a respectful half step to the rear.

But this is 1972. On the day I arrived in West Point, Mrs. Bunting mowed the lawn and Major Bunting spoke of a brief career—and of why it has been so brief. He is one of thirty-three Military Academy professors who have resigned their commissions in the past six months. And he is an officer unlike any I met in four years at West Point: intelligent, dedicated, successful, and yet outspokenly critical of the system in which he once fully expected to prosper. He has written a well-received novel about the war in Vietnam, *The Lionheads*, and is presently at work, with my father, a retired colonel, on a nonfiction book about the army.

So now the cat's out of the bag. We are friends, Bunting and I, and we drank whisky, a good deal of it, as he talked on the eve of his departure from the service of his country. And here is what he said, in bits and pieces, no special order —the feelings of a man for whom a dream soured, but good:

"It was during my first few months as assistant chief of staff of the Ninth Infantry Division that my opinion of the army began to sour, that my reservations about the military as a career began to build. Up to that point, I was gung-ho. I was going to be a general. Full-bore. Ironically, I think my feelings changed largely because for the first time in my life I was exposed at great length to senior officers. The generals.

"There was a terrible lack of imagination among them, a great unwillingness to listen, and with one or two notable exceptions, they had a terrible lack of compassion for the Vietnamese. The senior officers I dealt with in Vietnam disappointed me a great deal.

"I suppose this had something to do with my experience as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. Oxford is a community of people committed to a search for knowledge, for truth, and it's a partnership. I was really amazed and put off by the horrible courtly hierarchy of the whole system at division headquarters there in Vietnam. It struck me as fundamentally undemocratic; it was a means of insulation of very high ranking officers who simply did not want to listen to anything they thought would displease them. I wrote about it in *Lionheads*, all those medieval trappings, the arrival of the general, the military seals all around the room, the briefing officer, the nervous lieutenant colonels, the uptight people—where just the opposite should be true.

"In the army a general 'comes down' to the various levels of his command, and the metaphor is richly suggestive: the general 'coming down,' eventually down to hell, where the PFC is. All of this put me off. I was at division headquarters for about five months, and I saw fundamentally misconceived ideas about how to command men in combat in use daily.

Lucian K. Truscott IV, a West Point graduate, is at work on a memoir of his years at the academy.

In the past six months thirty-three West Point professors have resigned their commissions.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDALL ENOS

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My idea has always been to give commanders their heads as much as possible, give them a mission and leave them alone. In Vietnam the opposite was true. And if you establish a standard by which to measure success, like the body count—which is an utterly *false* way to measure military success—you're bound to let yourself in for a great deal of trouble.

"Then, of course, I saw the incredible semantics game, which always upset me. When I was down in the [Mekong River] Delta region, with the Riverine Force, we had to write 'search and destroy' on the plans for our operations; then, after two months, we had to write 'search and clear'; then it was 'reconnaissance in force.' In fact, they were all the same operations; we were changing the name of a pointless operation to make it seem as if it had a point. It was an elaborate subterfuge.

"This is the hell of it, the vortex of the whole thing. And this is where the whole question of honor and integrity enters into it. Somewhere in the career of many officers, many prominent officers, there occurs a transmutation of personal integrity as it's understood in the very idealistic way they understood it as cadets—the transmutation of that integrity into institutional loyalty. It's not an active form of dishonesty. If one goes to the adjoining company supply room and raids fifty parachutes out of it, in the best interest of one's company, this is essentially a loyal and honorable act, because it makes the company look good. If one inflates a body count, in the best interest of one's company, it is also loyal and honorable.

" I think there are a lot of ways to account for this breakdown of integrity, but I am at a loss to assign percentage figures as to which is most prominent. First of all, there's the army's insistence upon palpable indicators of a unit's performance. And, together with this, the fact that an officer who is rated is given an efficiency report, is given it largely as a result of what the indicators show his unit to be. Well, naturally, you get terrible conflicts of interest. Like the district adviser in Vietnam—he is rated by a province adviser. The province adviser sends down a bunch of forms for him to fill out as to how well village 'X' is doing. Naturally, he is going to say village 'X' is doing fine.

"And then secondly, and I think more understandably, people come to confuse personal honor with excellence of performance of the unit or the enterprise to which they have committed themselves. It works all the way up the line. I think one of the clearest cases of this is Eisenhower, who surely knew that Francis Gary Powers was flying a spy plane over Russia in 1960. Denying it at first, he said it was some kind of weather-observation plane. In what he considered to be the best interests of the country, he failed to tell the truth. Was Eisenhower a dishonorable man? I think history shows that the politicians and military men who lie in what they consider to be the best interests of their units and their country almost invariably are bitten on the ass by their lies, eventually. So I think those factors account for the ease with which personal honor becomes something less than what it starts out to be."

What it starts out to be. When I was a senior at West Point, Major General Samuel W. Koster was superintendent. He was an "honorable man," as Bunting says, one of those who had performed excellently, who had gotten the good efficiency reports, the awards and the decorations, right down the line. After all, he was superintendent, and the army wouldn't install a liar as superintendent, now, would it?

That was the way the thinking went, even when in the spring of 1969 the massacre at My Lai was exposed by the press. No one thought then that what happened at My Lai could have been real. In fact, many officers at the academy took the line that the revelations regarding My Lai were all a "Communist plot." And what of General Koster, who piously prayed in church each Sunday, seated in the front row in sight of more than a thousand cadets, and who was now accused of having played a major role in the cover-up of the massacre? Well, General Koster was "The Supe," that's all. He was honorable by definition. As Bunting said, the definition that proclaimed him honorable, even when turned inside out by disgrace, lives on.

There was a lull in what had become a freewheeling conversation, and I asked Bunting what he thought of Nixon's plan for a volunteer army.

"The idea of a volunteer army stinketh in the nostrils of the Lord. I have never liked the idea. I think the best safeguard this country has against trouble from its army, against the army taking its own head and setting itself apart from society, thinking it is *better*, that the army is the repository of all that is good and true in America—the best insurance against this you can possibly have is an army that is regularly fed inputs from civilian life. I think the sophomore at Yale University ought to be as vulnerable to serve in uniform as some poor kid down on the farm. I think the anti-ROTC movement on the campuses, for the most part, has been misbegotten, pigheaded, and foolish. Many of the best people I have known in the army have come from liberal colleges.

"And this raises the whole question of pedagogy in the army, and especially at West Point. The academy has been in what seems an eternal hassle about what should be taught here, whether or not they should have more electives or a majors program. There is an entrenched element on the academic board that feels that a proliferation of electives, particularly those in the social sciences and English, will not only liberalize the cadet mind but will completely mitigate against the mission of the academy, which, after all, is to produce army officers, not students. And that may be. I don't think it's true, but it may be. But I would like to see very, very serious studies made of this—this is a tremendous question of education at the academy, and it is not being undertaken.

"The academy's fundamental problem right now is that it retains a dual mission: to instruct, by which I understand educate, and to train. It's very hard to accomplish both these missions at the same time in the present context.

"I think that a formal education must work by indirection, to a large extent. Which is to say, a bullshit session at 2:00 a.m. is every bit as valuable, if not *more* valuable, than plebe math. You rarely encounter a cadet who has a sense of wonder about what he's just read or seen. You don't have the kid reading Thomas Wolfe late at night in a frenzy of enthusiasm, or writing poetry, or that kind of thing, and that's very important in the development of a man."

Later I asked this critic of "the system" how he thought the army would respond to criticism.

"I think the army has got to learn to differentiate among its critics between those who are genuinely moved by a sense of compassion and interest in the army's welfare on the one hand, and those who are irresponsibly talking out on the other hand. And once it has recognized the people who are criticizing it responsibly, the army must listen very seriously to that criticism and act on it whenever it can. The knee-jerk assumptions which many army officers make, that somebody who criticizes the army or West Point is out to destroy these institutions, is wrong-headed and foolish in the extreme.

"My instinct, when I hear that somebody has a vitally, but intelligently different opinion from my own on an issue that we're both involved in, is to buy him a drink and talk with him for four or five hours. The instinct of most of the senior officer corps of the army is just the opposite. They want to run away from the idea, or they don't want to examine it.

"So how do I feel today? Well, I leave the army with some regret. Since I made my decision to resign, and since people have known about it, not a single officer has come up to me and said, 'You should

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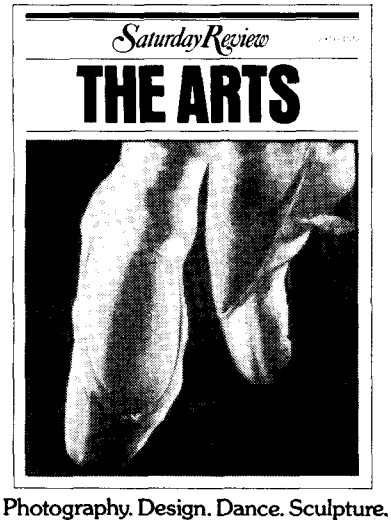

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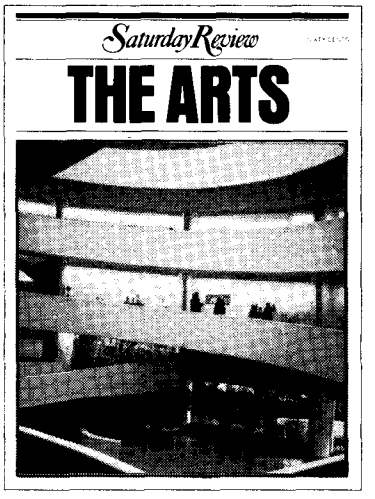

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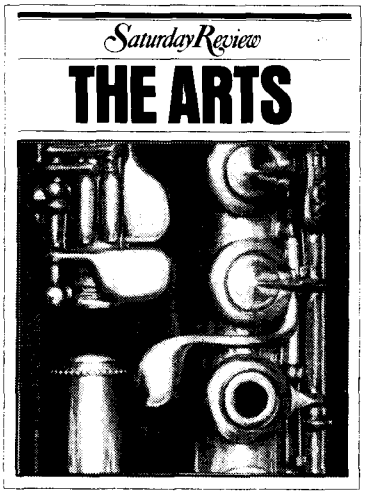

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stay,' or 'Perhaps you can make a valuable contribution.' The experience of three or four of my closest friends who have resigned in the past two years has been the same. The Newburgh paper said this morning that there's a tradition, after an unpopular war, of officers resigning to seek more lucrative employment. Bullshit."

Josiah Bunting will have left the army by the time you read this. He and his wife and their two children and two dogs will be on their way to Newport, Rhode Island, where he will occupy a full chair in history at the Naval War College, believe it or not. It may seem strange that a renegade army officer should leave the service and step immediately into service of an apparently similar sort. But almost every civilian college to which Bunting applied for a teaching position turned him down: The administrations feared repercussions from antiwar students who might be upset about having a former army officer as part of the faculty. It is, perhaps, equally strange that the War College should take this rebel on.

I asked Bunting if the War College people knew what he stood for.

"They think I'm an antichrist up there in Newport," Bunting replied. "The superintendent and the dean wrote letters to the president of the War College outlining what they saw to be my various sins against the army and the country," he went on. "They know who I am—and Vice Admiral Stansfield Turner [the college's president] took me on anyway. He has respect for my ability as a teaching historian, and he thinks the positions I have taken have been responsible, even if he doesn't agree with them."

Just between you and me, Bunting will probably be the best thing that's happened to the education of high ranking military officers in this country since Edgar Allan Poe attended West Point. And I wish him well. There were some instructors a bit like Bunting at West Point when I was there, but they kept their ideas to themselves, and nothing happened because of them. Bunting is different, and maybe that's what three more years of the war has meant to the country, as well as to West Point.

On my way back to New York I picked up a hitchhiking cadet. I asked him what he thought of Bunting.

"I never had him for a class, but a lot of guys I know say he's a hot-shit." (No higher accolade can be paid.)

And what about the rest of the officers at the academy these days?

"Listen," the cadet answered, with the force and poise you absorb after three years there. "I've come across only two kinds of officers here. Damned piss-poor ones and damned outstanding ones. The outstanding ones are leaving." □

The Grassing of America

BY BARNARD COLLIER

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Stroup:

It's good to be able to tell you that your son, Keith, is okay. He said you have been a little worried about the kind of life he's fallen into in Washington and about whether he might get arrested and perhaps hurt his law career and his future. Don't worry. He's safe; he's making $18,000 a year for running a very legal Establishment (his word) lobby. Lobbying for any thing or cause is legal in Washington as long as you register, and few people here see anything very strange about it when Keith says, "I'm the lobbyist for marijuana."

He retains a great respect for his roots. It sometimes sounds as if he hates the Midwest, but I suspect that underneath he doesn't. He'll say things like, "Oh, Lord, I didn't think anybody around here even knew where southern Illinois was," and "I went through all that middle-class, midwestern stuff in high school and college." But don't let that embarrass you; it doesn't bother anybody here, where it's fashionable to say belittling things about rural parts of the country. That kind of cosmopolitan conversation tends to diminish with age, and Keith is still just twenty-eight.

Keith looks good. His hair was a little long when I saw him, about down to his shoulders, but he cut it for the Democratic Convention in Miami Beach. He operated a booth where he passed out literature and "educated" the delegates and the press about the marijuana laws and why they ought to be abolished on the federal level. Keith didn't get a crew cut, but he must have been very presentable in a necktie, suit, and lawyerish eyeglasses.

If Miami Beach had turned into a Chicago, you can be sure Keith would have had no part in it. He's not that kind of man, as I'm sure you know. Marijuana has not addled his brains. He says, "The freaks who say that marijuana is a peace drug and that everybody should turn on to save the world embarrass me intellectually. Marijuana doesn't do anything to change my policy outlook." His policy outlook, Keith said, is much the same as that of most people back in Mount Vernon, Illinois, and you might get yourself prepared to welcome him back home in not too many years.

I'd say he'll need five or so more years of seasoning in Washington; let him get to know more contacts in the big government agencies and in the Congress; per-

Barnard Collier is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

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haps he will even take a marijuana case up to the Supreme Court, and with luck he'll win it. Then he'll be ready to come home with a solid reputation behind him: staff aide to Senator Everett Dirksen; staff counsel of the National Commission on Product Safety; lobbyist for the American Pharmaceutical Association; graduate of Georgetown Law School; married; children.

He said, "I'll tell you what I wanted back when I was taking political science at the University of Illinois. I wanted to come to Washington, get some polish, and go back home to be a politician. I like Washington. I own a nice house near Dupont Circle, which is a good neighborhood, and my wife works with me here at the office. I've had some good offers back home, and so far I've turned them down."

Keith told me, Mrs. Stroup, that you said he's going about this thing in a good way. You were right. If ever there was a clever and effective means of going about lobbying for marijuana, Keith has found it.

His offices are located on the first floor of a townhouse on Twenty-second Street, a good address. No sign on the door says what's inside. You wouldn't be hesitant about walking in. If you know you are entering the offices of the marijuana lobby, you feel as though the police are taking your picture going in and out. But Keith's headquarters look like any ordinary young lawyer's office.

There are big posters on the wall that show a police billy club and a big, green sprig of marijuana. In big, black letters on top, one poster says: PENALTY FOR POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA (FIRST OFFENSE). Underneath this, there's a list of the fines and jail terms for each state. In Texas, for example, the sentence is two years to life for simple possession. Texas is the worst. Keith says there are 691 people in jail in Texas for marijuana possession, with an average sentence of nine years. The poster is tremendously scary to anyone who might smoke marijuana, and it won't encourage anyone in his right mind to smoke it who hasn't already.

Keith makes it perfectly clear to nonsmokers of marijuana that he is not a marijuana salesman. His job is to lobby for "the people, the consumers, who are the ones that buy and use marijuana." He says he is in the Ralph Nader tradition of public interest law (students at Georgetown Law School get academic credit for working for him on marijuana-related cases), and he looks out for the interest of the approximately twenty-four million unseen Americans who, according to conservative estimates, are marijuana consumers. As Nader does for automobiles, Keith advocates quality control for marijuana so that unscrupulous growers, wholesalers, and dealers do not fleece the buying public. "Marijuana quality runs from .05 per cent of the active ingredient, tetrahydrocannabinol, in domestic grass to as high as 7 per cent in marijuana imported from Vietnam," he said. "Also, some of the marijuana is laced with adulterants such as heroin, LSD, strychnine—which is a deadly poison but gives a high—catnip, and even animal tranquilizers." He said some marijuana he once smoked must have contained an animal tranquilizer because he got so relaxed on it that he could hardly hold his head up. He is against this kind of consumer deception.

Keith says the reason he smokes marijuana is for recreation, against the law or not. He says the law is wrong, not him, and as a good lawyer he intends to prove it in court if necessary.

He has no intention of getting arrested for smoking marijuana, or for anything else, if he can help it. Keith said: "Smoking marijuana should be thought of as we think of alcohol. It's a recreational drug, a drug of choice. It's what I use weekends instead of alcohol, which kills your brain cells." When Keith smokes, he does it in private places where no policeman would have probable cause to break in and arrest him. "I've thought about it very carefully," Keith said. "I'm sure it wouldn't be considered probable cause by a judge just because I say I *have* smoked marijuana. The police would have to weigh the good it would do our cause if I am illegally arrested, against the small harm it would do to me personally. If they are reasonable men, and they are, they will decide not to arrest me."

Back to Keith's office. He has a secretary; his diplomas are on the wall. He has shelves of serious books pro and con marijuana, so people can get both sides of the story. He has some law books mixed in with the marijuana books so that potential clients don't forget he is a practicing lawyer. His desk is neat (by most standards); there is a photograph of President Kennedy and his brother Robert on the wall. Pinned to a big bulletin board is a collection of marijuana memorabilia. I say memorabilia because Keith says those posters and arm patches and stickers will be worth something someday. As you know, old political buttons and stickers are becoming increasingly valuable at antique fairs.

The way Keith goes about his lobbying job is to use "moral force" against the legislators to get antimarijuana laws repealed. He explained that there isn't enough money around from legitimate sources to do a really first-class job of lobbying for practically anything, much less something as unpopular as marijuana. About 85 per cent of the American people have never smoked marijuana, Keith says. "Those are the people we have to educate. We assume that people who have smoked marijuana are on our side, even if they are not active."

Most of the money for Keith's work comes from the Playboy Foundation, which is associated with *Playboy* magazine's founder, Hugh Hefner, who wants the use of marijuana made a matter of personal choice, like sexual intercourse. Two other lawyers run offices in New York City and Phoenix, Arizona, under the lobby's name, NORML, for National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Playboy can expect to get back a portion of its investment in NORML, because it sells the marijuana posters I described before and other marijuana-oriented materials. Keith says NORML is getting "more into the merchandising end of the business" itself. At present NORML sells such items as marijuana bumper stickers and stamps (they look like Easter seals) for letters. He also had some very nice-looking marijuana-leaf golden lapel pins in the office. They are rather elegant and look like they'll sell. Keith seems to have a good head for business.

One of his most serious lobbying problems, and one of the reasons Keith says he must sell marijuana souvenirs to raise money, is that the $100,000 a year from the Playboy Foundation, plus the $5 or $7 annual dues for subscribers to the NORML publications (about 6,000 of them, Keith says), is not enough to take senators, congressmen, assemblymen, and other government people out to lunch and dinner.

Government people like to be wined and dined. If they aren't, they think a lobby is poor and weak. By most Washington lobbying standards NORML is poor and weak, so Keith must rely heavily on "moral" and "intellectual" persuasion. This is going after flies with vinegar, and Keith knows it. But he states his position very clearly: "I am on the morally defensible side of the issue. Some issues have a right and wrong side. This issue has a wrong side, and I am opposed to it. I'm not into becoming a martyr. No. Our power is of a strange variety but a real one. People who are on the right side of such issues will know what I mean."

The important legal moves Keith is making center around the recent filing of an administrative action against the Bureau of Narcotics to have marijuana removed from the most dangerous drugs list and moved down to a Number Five (Roman numeral V) category along with such drugs as cough medicines. This would be just a step short of taking

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marijuana away from federal control altogether, which Keith wants but admits may be unrealistic to talk about in the near future. Complete decontrol of marijuana on a federal level would leave the matter to the individual states. Keith says that in many states all penalties for the private use of marijuana might be abolished by referendum "after the people are educated."

If and when the federal government stops bothering about marijuana, Keith feels that there must be state laws that would inhibit (he knows that, as with liquor, prohibition is impossible) adolescents from obtaining it too openly or freely. I asked him why he felt adolescents should not be permitted to smoke marijuana if it does not harm adults, and he said: "Marijuana may seem like a lot of fun to kids, but maybe they'll start to think that fun is all there is."

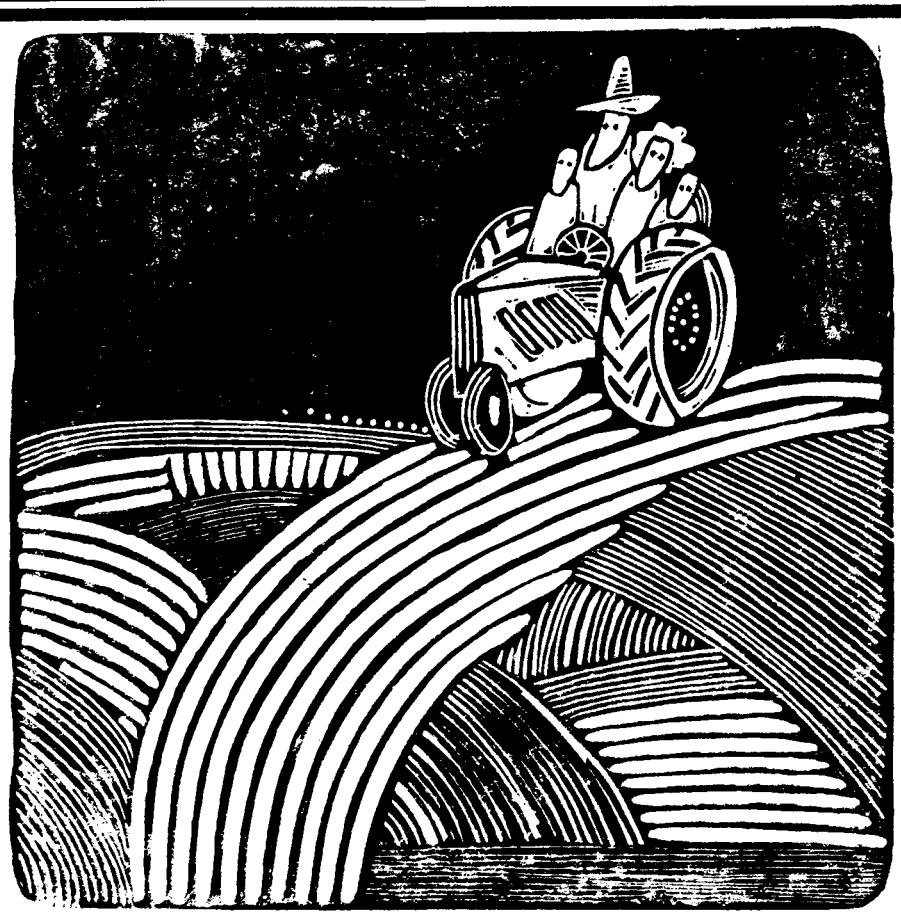
Keith takes a very balanced and controlled view of everything, and the work he puts out is worthy of the Playboy Foundation's confidence in his legal and business sense. His newsletter, called *The Leaflet*, is not a mimeographed underground handout. Not only is it printed on excellent heavy paper, it is nicer looking than most cigarette company literature, and it's a lot more interesting and better written. *The Leaflet*, which is done by professionals, lets its subscribers and those on its mailing list know every two months about the latest marijuana developments. It also contains a coupon for marijuana seals and bumper stickers that reads, "Rush me . . . zonko bumper stickers (2 for $1)."

Within the next month or so Keith is planning to hold "The People's Pot Conference" at a site somewhere near Washington. He has had a lot of trouble getting property owners to rent him space. "They take one look at our name, and they say, 'Go away, we're not interested.' But we'll get a place and hold a serious program about how we can really repeal the marijuana laws."

Meanwhile, Keith makes speaking engagements at meetings of Jaycees and similar organizations. He appears in a suit jacket and necktie and gets a good reception. A lot of people, like the Jaycees, are eager to know about marijuana, and they don't mind hearing about it from Keith, who looks like he knows what he is talking about, is no radical, and speaks maturely and well. There is no need to worry about Keith.

Yours truly,
Barnard Collier

P.S. NORML's letterhead, which you may have seen, is perfect. Keith may answer the telephone, "Normal, this is Keith speaking," but the letterhead reads: "R. Keith Stroup, Esq." □



The Family Farm Is Not Dead

BY SETH S. KING

DALLAS COUNTY, Iowa— Between now and election day Richard Ellis of Dallas County, Iowa, and the rest of the nation's voters are going to hear both presidential candidates solemnly dedicate themselves to saving the family farm from the grasping clutches of Big Agribusiness. While such assurances may sound comforting, Mr. Ellis will no doubt be amused, in his own cautious way, at the assumption that the family farm is on its way out. But, like the great political scramble in the 1950s over what share of parity a farmer should have, the death of the family farm is a nonissue that the candidates will puff into prominence because it's about the only purely agricultural matter they can find.

Mr. Ellis is a family farmer. So, too, are 91 per cent of the other farmers in Iowa, which is still the nation's largest producer of meat and corn. True, there *are* fewer family farms in any state than there were last year, or five years ago, or a decade ago. But that's because each year family farms in the great meat, corn, and wheat areas of Middle America have grown larger, while many small family farms, no longer viable, have been broken up, their land sold or rented to the larger family farmers.

Mr. Ellis—a stocky, deliberate man who has spent his forty-five years down on the family farm—can lead you out onto his well-trimmed front yard and, in any direction, point to the rooftops of half a dozen farmsteads that no longer house active farmers. The neighbors he grew up with, and who once worked the land, still live in these farmhouses. Now, however, they are commuters to Des Moines or its suburbs, where they hold jobs in small factories. Their land is still being intensively farmed—but by Mr. Ellis or some other family farmer who rents it from them.

"We've really become small factories," Mr. Ellis explained to me. "Some are more efficient than others. It's true a lot of people have been forced off the farms, just like small businesses have gone under. But it's not been any doing of what they call 'agribusiness.' It's simply that small acreages sure won't work any more. They're economically dead."

Mr. Ellis and his brother, who inherited their land from their father, are at the moment farming 400 acres of lush, 120-bushel-to-the-acre corn land and forty-bushel soybean land. Until recently Mr. Ellis rented and farmed an addi-

Seth S. King is Chicago correspondent for the New York Times.

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tional 500 acres of corn and soybean land near neighboring Nevada, Iowa. How much does running such an operation cost? Mr. Ellis figures that the average midwestern grain farmer has more than $50,000 invested in farm machinery. To debug, deweed, and fertilize his crops costs him at least $25 an acre. Seed comes to about $7 an acre, and this year taxes in Dallas County will top $10 an acre.

"Figuring the man-hours you put in," Mr. Ellis said, "as almost all of us do, then you've got a cost, by the time the crop's in the ground, of at least $60 an acre. So a farmer with 500 acres has got $30,000 tied up before the crop even starts growing, not counting machinery or land."

To be eligible for price supports and set-aside payments, which will total more than $4 billion this year, a 500-acre farmer would have to "idle" part of his corn acreage. But with corn supports already set at $1.05 a bushel, if his yield reaches the Dallas County average of 100 bushels to the acre he's assured of grossing $105 on each acre of corn. With soybean prices hovering around a record $3.50 a bushel, he can expect a gross of $140 an acre on this crop. In addition, the government will pay him $80 an acre to set aside corn land, and the only expense involved is in keeping the land free of weeds.

With income prospects like these, land in Dallas County is going today for more than $700 an acre to buy, or $55 an acre to rent, and very little is available—as Mr. Ellis, who needs acreage to replace the 500 he had to give up, can attest.

These salubrious conditions, of course, do not safeguard a family farmer from the hazards of the weather or sudden outbreaks of animal diseases. A bad hailstorm at the wrong time or prolonged drought can be just as devastating as they were in the dust-bowl days. But the time when a diversified farmer would look at rising hog or beef prices and cheap corn and run out to put more animals on feed, causing another downward swing in the market, appear to have ended. Today's large family farms are having a profitable, stabilizing effect on corn-belt agriculture. This year the grain farmers stayed in grain, and the hog and cattle raisers were wise enough to keep the size of their herds in line with demand.

This profitable balance between supply and demand can, however, in unusual circumstances, be thrown off with a frightening jolt. When this occurs, the politicians quickly revive the mythology of family farming. Last fall, when Richard M. Nixon's political radar detected clear signs of spreading discontent among traditionally dependable Republican farmers, the President responded by dumping Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin and bringing forth Earl L. Butz to replace him. Hardin's career had been quite literally blighted. In the spring of 1971, a year after the southern corn-leaf blight had devastated part of the country's corn crop, Mr. Hardin wanted to offset this reduction, which was forcing corn prices out of sight. So he increased the number of acres a farmer could plant in corn and still be eligible for the insurance of government price supports. The big corn farmers joyfully responded by planting the largest crop in recent memory. Last fall, after a near-perfect growing season, there was no blight, and they were harvesting a 5.5-billion-bushel crop. Corn prices plummeted. This, in turn, raised the traditional fear that cheap corn meant a rush to raise more hogs and beef cattle, which would soon have sent prices downward again.

> "When one thinks of livestock, one tends to think of corporately owned ranches.... Yet roughly half of the fattened cattle are still on family farms."

The farmers knew Mr. Hardin had done what he had to do. But they were looking for a scapegoat, and Mr. Hardin —a diffident college professor who had been an undistinguished secretary—was a natural. When he was discarded in favor of Mr. Butz, however, the felony appeared compounded. Also a professor (at Purdue University), but aggressive and politically ambitious, Butz was known to the farmers as chief assistant to the unlamented Ezra Taft Benson, the Mormon elder who, in the Eisenhower years, had fought unimaginatively to reduce the great crop surpluses then threatening to destroy the farm market. Worse, Butz was a director of several large farm products companies—the big agribusiness firms that buy so much of what farmers produce. Would he not favor agribusiness, allowing it to take over more of the farming itself, thus giving it sufficient control over the markets to force family farmers off the land?

Senator George S. McGovern deemed the Butz appointment a "catastrophe" for American agriculture, another Republican nail in the family farm's coffin. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, who considers himself a champion of the small farmer, warned that Butz was clearly in league "with the forces within agriculture that are pushing it toward big, integrated agribusiness." Mr. Butz, for his part, gravely assured the Senate Agriculture Committee that he would be a "vigorous spokesman" for those who would preserve the family farm and solve the economic and social problems besetting rural America.

Both Butz and the senators who questioned him in the committee hearing room knew that the days when the Midwest was won with eighty acres and a mule were as dead as free silver and the Townsend Plan. In today's age of enormous farm machinery it is nothing for one corn and soybean farmer to work a thousand acres or more, almost entirely by himself. For wheat farmers a thousand acres is only a starter. Even in the wondrously rich black earth of Mr. Ellis's Dallas County, a grain farm of less than 200 acres simply cannot yield enough to finance the capital investment in it.

The great debate over the health of the family farm and the threat of an agriculture dominated by huge corporations has induced extensive study by the Department of Agriculture. Its findings unequivocally refute the assertion that the family farm is moribund. The department defines a family farm as one in which the operator is a risk-taking manager, who, with his family, does most of the farm work and performs virtually all of the complicated management tasks. On that basis, family farms still make up 95 per cent of the nation's 2,831,000 farms and produce 62 per cent of all the farm products sold. These percentages have remained remarkably stable over the past twenty years.

Only in California, Florida, and Arizona—where colonial traditions of vast, almost baronial, land holdings have prevailed from the time these states entered the Union—is the larger-than-family-sized farm the rule. Eighty-nine per cent of Arizona's farm products come from these larger farms, as do more than 80 per cent of Florida's products and 79 per cent of California's. The large-scale farming operations in these states are concentrated in certain crops, such as fruits, vegetables, poultry, or cotton. But in the states that produce most of the country's feed grains, hogs, and fattened beef, the production of non-family farms is minute: In Iowa it accounts for only 8 per cent of the state's total agricultural output, in Illinois 13 per cent, and in Wisconsin's highly organized dairy belt, again, only 13 per cent. Even the raising and fattening of livestock is still largely the business of family farms. When one thinks of livestock, one tends to think of huge corporately owned ranches and feed lots in Texas and the Far West. Yet roughly half of the fattened cattle are still on

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family farms, as are nearly 90 per cent of the nation's hogs.

Politicians who want to express their anguish over the supposed disappearance of the family farm generally resort to two clichés: the specter of big agribusiness controlling production and setting market prices at whatever level it chooses, and the blow to the nation's morality when so many hard-working, God-fearing sons of the soil are forced off the land and into the wicked cities.

But today the market is as free as ever —and family farmers are as much its creatures as their fathers were. As for morality, all you need do is to talk with a few rural sheriffs to discover that they, like their big city colleagues, are having increasing troubles with break-ins, thefts, and drag-racing, pot-smoking youngsters. What the enlargement of the family farm has meant is more efficiency, a much better balanced market, and whopping capital investments.

The alarm that spread through the corn belt last fall—and that toppled Hardin—was ended with surprising speed by the new secretary. Mr. Butz was prescient enough to buy just enough corn for the government last winter to hold the market above $1 a bushel. This move convinced many previously wary farmers that they finally had a Secretary of Agriculture who dared to favor them over the more numerous consumers, who might have benefited slightly from the lower corn prices.

Mr. Butz knows that today's family farmers need only one thing to continue their well-being: a healthy national economy in which the housewife has enough income to buy the farmers' products and in which their costs and taxes aren't inflated out of sight. The only bona fide farm issue left to the politicians, then, is that of rural development —the new term for the promotion of small industries in farm towns that will employ farmers and their children who have stopped tilling the land. The hitch here, for campaigners if not for rural Americans, is that both parties agree on the need for such development.

But the politically astute Mr. Butz also knows that the family farm remains an agrarian shibboleth not likely to be laid to rest this fall.

"We've demagogued the family-farm issue in this country," he recently conceded to Julius Duscha, a Washington, D.C., journalist. The politicians, Butz said, had a nostalgic penchant for viewing the family farm in terms of a small unit "out there" with a family on it. His own concept, he said, was a farm unit that could be operated by a farmer and his family but would be big enough to survive and provide a decent income.

"There are a lot of people who think there's something inherently good about a nation with a lot of small land owners out there," Secretary Butz said. "That's not true if they don't have enough land to make a decent living."

Mr. Ellis would agree. □

"Ms." Found in a Library

BY MARY BREASTED

In her recent Up Front article on the new Ms. *magazine, Mary Breasted reported that one of the main topics of office discussion was the guest list for the upcoming* Ms. *launching party. We asked Ms. Breasted to drop in and follow up.—Eds.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The entrance hall of the New York Public Library was roaring on the evening of June 26, filled with the echoing voices of *Ms.* magazine's friends and editors and patrons and plentiful male admirers, all drinking wine and trying to talk to each other above the din. From a distance the event —a kickoff party for the feminist magazine's first regular issue (July 1972)— appeared impressive, almost grand. Perhaps 300 people had come, enough to fill the entire lobby, and they were, most of them, modishly decked out as *objets sexuels,* both masculine and feminine.

Though I had not the usual partygoer's apprehensions about the event— I was to cover it and hence had the right to introduce myself to anyone there— I had other worries. The crowd seemed too large to take on, and I feared I might wander through it without once catching the right people at the right moments for a story that would sum up the evening. I retreated to a wine table. Passing up the Blue Nun Liebfraumilch, I chose the less sex-specific Ruffino Chianti. Then a member of the *Ms.* staff spotted me and came over to tell me there was someone I *had* to meet: "He gave us the wine."

The "he" in question was Mr. Peter Sichel, part-owner of wineries in Germany and France. Tall and soft-spoken, Mr. Sichel told me that a *Ms.* staff member had recently "camped out" at his house in France and had mentioned the *Ms.* party and that one thing had led to another until he volunteered to provide twelve cases of wine for the occasion. I didn't ask Mr. Sichel whether he considered this a bit of male chauvinism, but I did ask him whether he considered himself a male chauvinist.

"No," he replied without hesitation. "I have three daughters. How can I be a male chauvinist?"

"Does your wife work?" I rudely persisted.

"No. She's busy with three small children. But she has a law degree, and she probably will go back to work."

I made no comment. Mr. Sichel, who was graciously holding my glass of Chianti while I took notes, waxed sociological.

"I think American women do not get the jobs a lot of European women get. I have colleagues, women who head wine companies in Europe. I think European women probably have done better than Americans professionally."

I thanked the earnest Mr. Sichel and moved on in diligent pursuit of the party's essence, which seemed to be somewhere near the television lights at the other end of the room. But it took me a long time to reach those lights. Each time I plunged into the crowd, I spotted another friend or someone called my name. They were all female journalists or feminist leaders I had written about. And all of them stood a chance to gain from *Ms.* magazine and the movement that had inspired it—whether they actually wrote $500 articles for the magazine or were the subjects of them.

And as I slowly made my way past clusters of these women, a peculiar mood came over me. The party took on the unreality of a fantasized movie about a young woman on the make in the big city. The movie could have been about any of us who wanted what we now call liberation but which used to be called fame and glamour and which was accompanied by a longing to be near the throbbing center of Great Events. The room itself was stagy, with its sweeping staircases, huge doors, and immensely high ceiling. And it seemed to amplify not just the sounds but also the spirits of the assembled guests, so that whatever they were—committed feminists, modish graphic designers, editors, writers, even magazine distributors—they became caricatures of themselves. The television lights helped to create this effect, and still photographers were everywhere, clicking indiscriminately at faces that might, I imagined, someday be legendary. Even the way the guests looked seemed a vivid reflection of everyone's current fantasies: the tight pants and clinging T-shirts of the hard-core Women's Liberationists; the tailored suits of the fashionable young men; the flawless, apricot cheeks of the young women who still wore make-up; and the distinctly unfrilly coifs and studiedly drab colors worn by the out-of-the-closet lesbians.

There were precious few celebrities on hand. But Nora Ephron and her hus-

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band, Dan Greenburg, were two that came, and I roused myself from my musings to go to them.

Ms. Ephron, who had just written an *Esquire* article called "What Happens to Sex After Liberation?" seemed to be urging her husband toward the television crew. His book *Scoring,* which tells of sexual games played and often lost before liberation, has received much attention of late. If "After Liberation" got *Scoring* to the klieg lights before I could stop them, I might not get my interview. I shoved hard to reach Mr. Greenburg.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"I was invited," he said without smiling. He held his head to one side and bowed so that he seemed to be speaking from under his forehead. This was a serious man. I gulped and tried again.

"Yeah, but why?"

"I suspect it has something to do with my wife, who is in the movement. But also I'm a contributor to a record that *Ms.* is doing for children, trying to change sex-role stereotypes."

"What's it called?"

"We don't really have a name yet. The whole thing is to give little children other options. If they're little boys, and they're not good athletes, as I wasn't, that doesn't mean they're homosexuals. . . ."

Mr. Greenburg had to move on to the klieg lights.

A cluster of young women from *New York* magazine's publicity department stood on the edge of the room, wearing name tags and looking shy. With them was Lorraine Mazzola, an associate producer of *AM New York,* a television talk show. Surely she must know just who was who at this gathering.

"I can't seem to meet anybody," she said. "Anyway, I came to see Roger Grimsby."

"You came to see Roger Grimsby?"

"I wanted to see how he would react."

"Is he here?"

"I haven't seen him yet."

"Oh."

But she *had* seen Earl Wilson, the gossip columnist, working his way through the crowd. And Florynce Kennedy, the movement lawyer and volatile spokeswoman. But they were nowhere in sight now.

Then in walked—or rather floated—Helen Gurley Brown, the editor of *Cosmopolitan,* on the arm of an impeccably groomed television reporter. She was dressed in a maxi coat and looked quite thoroughly the author of *Sex and the Single Girl,* her best-selling volume of advice to modern Scarlett O'Haras. A few days before, she had told me she wished *Ms.* well and thought it would succeed. Now Ms. Brown deftly steered

Even the way the guests looked seemed a vivid reflection of everyone's current fantasies.

me and my notebook to someone else.

"Here, this is Steve Ross of Warner Communications. You really should talk to him."

Mr. Ross smiled steadily. He was tall, handsome, silver-haired, and he seemed to be in a very good mood.

"Are you the person that decided to invest a million dollars in *Ms?*"

"Yes."

"You made the decision *yourself?*"

"Yes, I'm the president of the company."

"But," I said (thinking Wow!), "what made you decide to do it?"

"I have tremendous faith in Gloria [Steinem] and [publisher] Pat [Carbine]. They know exactly in which direction they're headed, and they're going to do exactly what they said they were going to do."

"How did you get to them?" I asked their male angel. "Did they come to you?"

"We were introduced by a mutual friend. . . . I met her—them—for breakfast. We seemed to hit it off right away. I was extremely impressed with her, uh, extremely impressed with both girls."

Did I hear him say "girls"? But he was still talking.

"They've assembled a great group of people around them," Ross was saying. "That's the first indication of success, I think." He was still smiling. It was her sharpness that impressed him, he said. He kept saying "her" instead of "their."

"At breakfast I told Pat and Gloria that I believe in Women's Liberation, and I said I thought that, being liberated women, Pat and Gloria should pick up the check for breakfast. She replied very quickly that she thought the corporation with the largest profit should pick up the check."

"Who's 'she'?"

"Gloria," he said, and repeated: "Very quickly." Ross sounded awed. He turned to look toward the other end of the lobby where Ms. Steinem was standing.

Soon the party thinned out, and Ms. Steinem gathered her impressive bunch of people behind the mike—almost the entire *Ms.* staff, grinning and looking mighty proud. Close by was a blowup of the cover of the July issue of their magazine, a cartoon picture of Wonder Woman in full giant stride (and wearing very short shorts). "Wonder Woman for President" was printed in bold letters across the top of the picture.

"So it's not a myth," Ms. Steinem was saying, her soft voice barely audible. "They laughed when we sat down at the piano."

Her audience laughed. That line was the title of the *Ms.* editorial, and most of the remaining guests recognized it.

People were leaving, going off in groups to eat dinner together. Jill Johnston, *The Village Voice*'s emphatically lesbian columnist, went up to the mike and chanted: "Long live the lesbian nation!" No one seemed to mind this, and Ms. Johnston's friends were soon clustering around her to admire her sheriff's badge—which said "Virgin" where it should have said "Sheriff."

Rosalyn Drexler, the novelist, then showed off her own decoration: a real antique Underwood typist's medal.

And I decided that the Mses. Johnston and Drexler, being of the older and irreverent Beatnik school of writers, had caught the giddy unreality of the evening, the theatrical and surreal strains rumbling about the big old building where stereotypically dressed females and males came to celebrate the birth of Miz America's new magazine. A magazine that had, of course, been conceived in a fury against stereotypes. □

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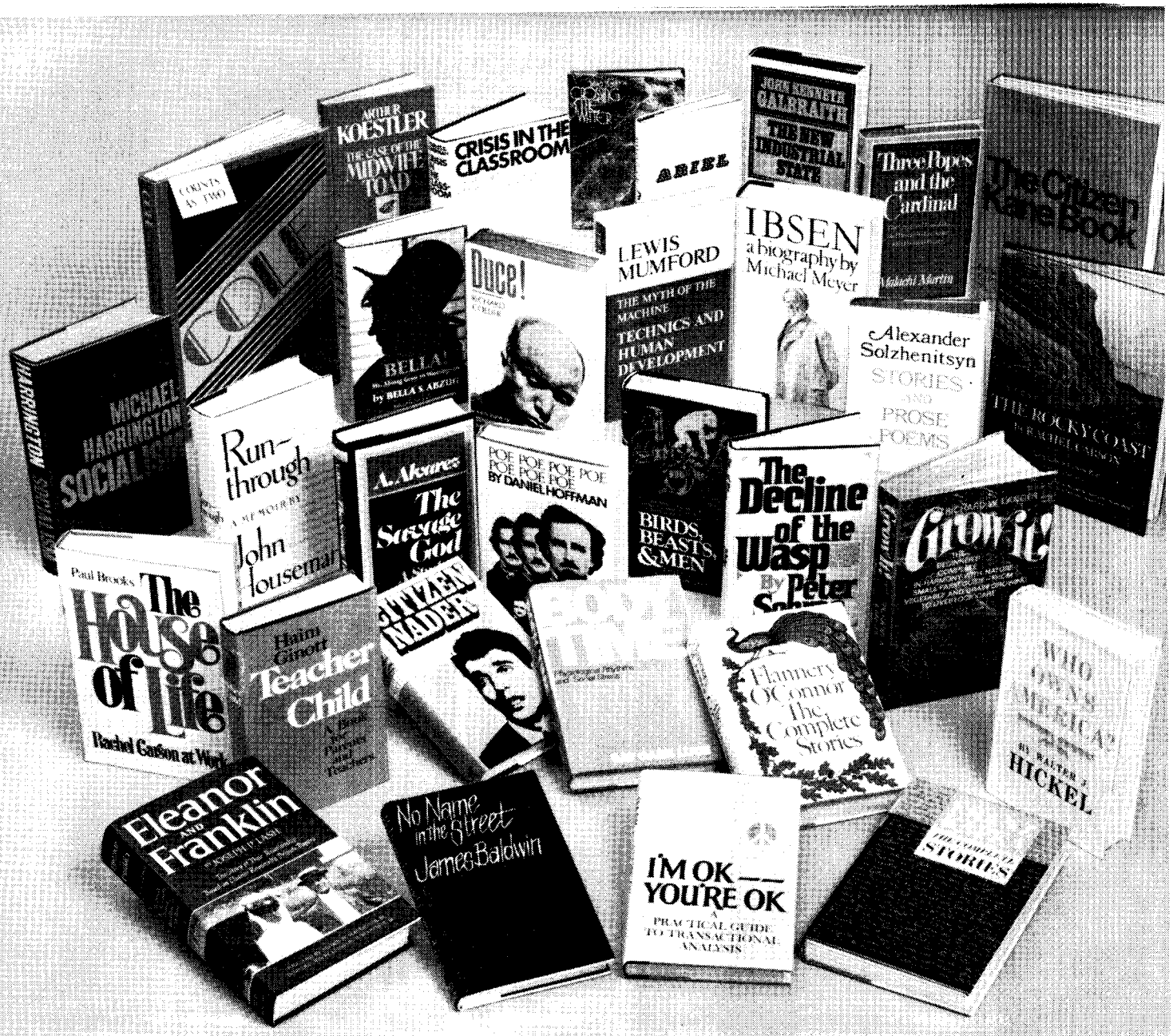

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A Quick Spin Around the Old Globe

BY ROY BONGARTZ

A large-mustached, satanical editor friend of mine telephoned recently to ask: "You want to go around the world tomorrow?"

"I don't know," I replied. "What time are we going?"

"I'm not going. You can have my ticket. Ten o'clock tomorrow morning out of Kennedy."

At nine the next morning I was standing at a Pan Am counter at Kennedy International Airport. A smiling woman handed me a free round-the-world ticket. It had my name on it. The flight was called Flight Number One—Pan Am's inauguration of its huge 747s. It had apparently been set up to demonstrate to an assortment of travel agents and other freeloaders that the world is round. My mind popping with visionary cities, I took a seat in the lounge at gate fifteen to await departure for Tokyo. Wearing a bashed, felt hunting hat and stout, round-the-world shoes, and clutching my modest round-the-world suitcase (change of clothes, Céline's *Mort à Crédit* in paperback for brushing up French, hay-fever pills, sharpened pencils, Bromo-Seltzer, family color slides and viewer for show-and-tell time aboard, address of somebody's sister in Delhi, and two pairs of paper feet—one representing my wife's and the other my little boy Joe's—for buying Oriental slippers with), I felt the very model of cool and practical worldliness. This delusion lasted until four minutes before ten, by which time I could not help noticing that there were no other travelers around me in the lounge. Two minutes later an airlines girl raced up to me: "You're not waiting for the Tokyo flight, are you?" I told her I was. She led me away with her. "I thought *everybody* knew they'd changed the gate! How did I miss you?"

An hour out of New York, the pilot told us to look at the Finger Lakes; so we all looked out at the Finger Lakes. Shortly afterward a stewardess announced on the loudspeaker that the headsets needed for hearing the soundtrack of *The Boy Friend* had been left behind. Fifteen minutes later she announced that they had been found. Window shades were drawn for better movie viewing, blotting out the view of the tundra that had developed below us. During the showing a pair of buxom Fairbanks, Alaska, high school girls who were wearing baggy sweaters knitted out of soft rope kept popping up and down like a couple of Saint Bernards plunging through snow. The runways at Fairbanks were lined with scores of ancient airplanes immobilized under three-foot blankets of snow. Round-the-world travelers also took snaps of a stuffed bear before flying away again after having spent one hour in the Forty-ninth State.

Shortly after we had been instructed to glance out over the tip of the left wing for a look at Mount McKinley, a few parallel pencil lines appeared on the flat stretch of snow six miles below us: Nome. Otherwise the seven hours that it takes for a 747 to cruise from Fairbanks to Tokyo were undisturbed. I dozed off. When I woke up, the plane was descending through the wisps of clouds, beneath which the sea gleamed gray. A toylike tugboat chugged into the waves. Then the hatch opened. A figure wearing a bright yellow nor'-wester emerged. A crewman, a *Japanese* crewman! My first Japanese!

My fifteenth Japanese (I had counted a baker's dozen others on various airport vehicles as we taxied in) was a small man who gave me a bright look at the arrival gate and said: "Wercome to Japan, Mr. Bongartz." He led me by the hand through a brief customs check, then vanished forever. The airport bus was equipped with a television set, which the driver could watch between runs. Tokyo's Museum of Modern Art boasted a more disconcerting innovation: a mechanism in front of the entrance that reaches up through a grill and industriously cleans your shoes. Inside the museum lights flashed at me. A swarm of photographers? No, only the strobe lights in a psychedelic art piece behind me. Out on the Ginza (Tokyo's version of New York's Forty-second Street) two young men came pounding down the sidewalk; the pursuer grabbed his prey and punched him in the face. Armed guards pretended to aim their rifles at me as I started to cross a bridge over a moat into the Imperial Palace. Three of my fellow passengers on the airport bus wore surgeon's masks to help them breathe through the smog. I was already boarding the plane again. Japan was suddenly all over—in a few minutes I would look out my window to see my *last* Japanese. Among the mysterious aims of this junket, one was apparently to let no one stay in any given city for more than one day.

Today, if you're really in a rush, you can make it all the way around from New York and back in forty-four hours and twenty minutes in the air, plus an hour here and there on the ground for refueling and souvenir buying in airports. We were allowed one of those rare hours in Hong Kong. Then back aboard again, the 747 slanting up into the night like a small downtown theater suddenly set free—and it was party time up in the lounge just behind the cockpit. (Hostesses surreptitiously bring out a key from their girdles to open the cockpit door when serving goodies to the crew and carefully lock the door behind them when leaving.) The hostesses smiled glassy-eyed smiles and complained of upset stomachs and general nervousness: the result of permanent jet fatigue. They talked dutifully with the junketing passengers, but, of course, they weren't drinking. So the inaugural champagne went only to my fellow freeloaders and myself. Among the nonteetotalers were: a Cockney immigrant to Australia who ran a travel agency in Brisbane and winkingly extolled his adopted country's restrictive laws on admitting blacks; a groggy American mystery man, either a CIA agent or an antihijacker, who claimed he had been airborne for months and who was convinced he had been condemned to circle the earth until he should die of it; and a cool, Dietrich-type blonde German girl reporter who admitted that, although she was a junketer, she did not want to be taken for one by the rest of the passengers.

Getting the party to swing was uphill work until we spotted the fires on the dark, silent velvet of the ground below us—circles, crescents, snakes, boiling spots of orange fire, scattered

Roy Bongartz is almost constantly on the move, either inside the States or abroad. The author of a collection of short stories, he is also a prolific magazine writer.

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all over the place. We crossed from one side of the little bar to the other to look out the opposite windows. There, too, as far as the horizon fires blazed in the clear summer night. Everyone began to chatter about the fires until the most guileless of the blonde, blue-eyed hostesses explained: "That's just a civil war they're having down there." Civil war? Ah, yes, sure—Vietnam! That was Vietnam down there, just six miles away. Of course. We knew all about that civil war, just slipped our minds, no real reason for surprise. But we kept staring at the fires, and, as we flew along at our inexorable clip, the orange, devilish fires kept appearing from beyond crests of hills. The whole country was burning. Flashes of artillery snapped in fluorescent blinkings off in the distance, almost like peaceful heat lighting, and we drank our freeloaders' champagne, and we made our party, until at last we flew out of sight of the fires and began making our descent into Bangkok.

In the morning I watched a parade of skinny laborers lope up a gangplank with great sacks of grain on their backs. The board buckled rhythmically under their heavy steps as they filed forward to dump their burdens onto a docked barge. Then I noticed a young, blind beggar squatting by a warehouse corner; a man with a briefcase came along, stopped, took his cigarette from his mouth, and held it down to the beggar, who took a drag on it. The passerby then returned the cigarette to his own mouth, but instead of walking on as I expected he would, he stayed to pass the time of day with the beggar. A byword in Thailand is *Mai pen rai*, meaning "never mind." Stopping by at one of the Bangkok markets, I learned more about this casual attitude toward life. A number of vendors were selling live turtles. "For soup?" I asked a student. "No," he replied, and went on to explain that a Thai who has committed an act he feels sorry about—smacked his mother-in-law, insulted a friend—can expiate his guilt by picking up one of these turtles, marking his name on its shell, and setting it free in the Mae Nam Chao Phraya River.

The lights along the runway went off —no use wasting electricity—as we touched down in Delhi, where we were soon embroiled in an hour-long Marx Brothers scene with Indian customs officers. The Indians seemed to be rehearsing a musical comedy based on a parody of the British officials their fathers and grandfathers had inaccurately described to them from colonial days. The rehearsal over, we made our way through a mob of hungry, clawing beggars and onto a junketers' bus.

Our towering Mephistophelean bus driver jammed all the luggage into the single doorway; terrified, late-coming junketers were pounding on the side of the bus to be let in as he started to drive us into the city. "But, mahn, I cahn't let you in. The luggage is in the way, mahn!" "I insist!" shouted a distraught, bearded American who was pounding the bus with one hand and with the other hanging onto his girl friend to prevent her from being kidnapped by starving urchins out there in the darkness. "I am from the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*. I must get on that bus!" screamed the American. "I demand it!" He shoved his bags in through the window. The driver sighed, reached out through the window, and started to pull the girl friend in through it. After other passengers had helped the irate editor inside, the bus lurched off into the night.

Everyone began to chatter about the fires until the most guileless of the hostesses explained: "That's just a civil war they're having down there." Civil war? Ah, yes, sure—Vietnam!

Before long it stopped in front of a bleak and forbidding skyscraper hotel. Several passengers, after kicking their way through the baggage, filed into the hotel. Five minutes later they filed back out again; they had all made reservations, but the hotel was full up. As a little symphony broke out, the driver moved off with his unhappy passengers, dropping a few here, a few there, in various hotels as he spiraled toward the center of Delhi. Finally, in Connaught Circle, the stifling spot of park at the center of town, he stopped the bus and turned around to stare at me in disbelief. "Who are you?" he bellowed. "I'm the last one," I replied apologetically. "Hah, well, I've got the place for you—a *middle-class* hotel!" He drove me to it and, as I stepped out, promised to return for me at 2:30 a.m. to take me back to the plane.

My middle-class hotel offered chicken served in silver foil—"good for the health," the maître-d' explained—and a floor show. A ballet couple dressed in bits of tiger skin cavorted for a while until they were spelled by a belly dancer who shed her clothes as she flexed her hips. The three-piece combo reminded me of the one that used to play at the Snagwood, near my place in the wilds of Rhode Island, where the comedian, who also tap-danced on roller skates, joshed the musicians by telling the audience: "That's really not an oil painting, ladies and gentlemen; it's the band."

Change for a postage stamp in Karachi airport came in stacks of U.S. pennies, just five to a roll, wrapped in masking tape. Into the air again, and the captain, in that universal laconic drawl, pointed out Baghdad to our left, the Euphrates River to our right. At the vast rug market in Beirut an Iranian dealer told how the children back home weave rugs to instructions sung to them by the master carpetmaker. "Can you sing like that? I want to hear it!" I innocently asked. "Can I what?" "Can you sing, you know, the rug-making songs?" The Iranian's face lost its salesman's softness; his eyes glazed over with suspicion. "What are you asking me? You want *me* to sing, monsieur?" he demanded angrily. The fellow told me that he had $20 million worth of rugs in his shop, and so he didn't need to sing for anybody. The hell with it, I thought, and I boarded the plane for Rome.

I went straight to the Trattoria la Maddalena near the Pantheon for a dinner of stuffed veal, green linguine, cheeses, and a couple of pitchers of Italian red wine. The 6 a.m. airport bus next day promised to go on strike, leaving me forever in Italy, but—false alarm—by midmorning I was in Nice, goofing off on the afterdeck of my old friend Sam Muller's yacht *Trout*. I had time for only one picnic aboard because the Big Bird of my New Life was scheduled to grab me in the morning and take me away.

An hour in Barcelona—by now the old senses were ground down to a point where they refused to tingle at the sight of a ramp vehicle or a fuel truck, even with an authentic Spaniard aboard. And then my last little sojourn, a day in Lisbon. I haunted small, populous, very dark bars. I drank many glasses of faintly fizzy, white *vinho verde* that tasted as good as the junketing had done. Then I flew home to the United States.

One of the first people I ran into back home in Foster, Rhode Island, was Phil DeMerchant, a carpenter who plays pool every Wednesday with me and some other hot-shots. "Where the hell were you last week?" he asked me. *Last week?* "Oh, sure—last week," I replied. "I was away," I said. □

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Letters

McGovern

Re: "The Case for George McGovern" [*SR*, July 1]. As the chief guru among McGovern's economic advisers, John Kenneth Galbraith is in a unique position to clarify McGovern's boozy program. Always the diplomat, Galbraith chose instead to confine himself to personal anecdotes and bland generalities. The McGovern schemes, Galbraith asserts, are "designed to benefit the majority" and to grant "relief for the average taxpayer." But good intentions do not automatically produce good results.

Galbraith speaks of McGovern's "fiscal policies that nearly everyone agrees are ghastly," but we aren't told whether the policies are, in fact, as ghastly as McGovern's critics suppose (including the *New York Times* and *New Republic*). If so, then McGovern's program must, by simple arithmetic, result in enormous increases in nearly everyone's net tax bite, regardless of the bogus $1,000 grants.

Alan Reynolds
Associate Editor, *National Review*
New York, N.Y.

The New Format

In all honesty, I tolerated much in the old *Saturday Review* to be able to feed on the infrequent substantial articles. But what a change! In the July 1 issue we have John Kenneth Galbraith (America's equivalent of Lord Russell) writing "The Case for McGovern," which, aside from being historic, reassures us that men of integrity are available for the highest office in America. Besides this exciting feature, the new *Saturday Review* gives us four major studies of contemporary America, four articles of national significance in Up Front, plus a sensitive editorial and enough extra in reviews and general entertainment to keep the magazine alive in one's home until the next issue.

Clarence Jonk
Bodega Bay, Calif.

Indianapolis

Re: Jeff Greenfield's "Middle America Has Its Woodstock, Too—the Indianapolis 500" [*SR*, July 1]. That people are not much good, as animals or angels, is not really news, but egalitarians like Mr. Greenfield fail to perceive this because of their refusal to come to grips with what equality really implies. The true populist who has faced the facts of life does not suppose that the people are commonly virtuous so much as he hopes they can become better, given a fair shake from society and government.

John F. Withey
Houston, Tex.

The Speedway has more than 215,000 permanent seats, for which spectators pay from $12 to $40 each. Now that Mr. Greenfield has covered less than one-third of the annual 300,000-plus crowd—the five-dollar general-admission drunks and hell-raisers who populate, in varying degrees, any large sports event—why not have him come next year and do a piece on the majority, the genuine racing fans, who spend no less than $10 million in Indianapolis on Race Day and the few days preceding?

As for Indianapolis's being "perhaps the worst metropolis in the entire United States," space prohibits the reams of boosterism I could pen about the city's lack of such metropolitan ills as riots, smog, strikes, choking traffic, high crime, etc. Mr. Greenfield either has his head in the sand or has paraphrased aging articles about the city's past lethargy and grayness, which were painful truths as little as six or eight years ago. Our current unprecedented building boom and forward-thinking community powers are fast propelling Indianapolis into the jet age.

Robert G. Campbell
Indianapolis, Ind.

Insurance Costs

Your recent article "The Ralph Nader of Insurance" by Daniel Grotta [*SR*, July 1] gave a new meaning to the "costs" that appear in the Pennsylvania "Shopper's Guide to Life Insurance." You say that they reflect basically the amount of the insurance buyer's profit." You leave out the largest single part of cost, namely, the cost of paying life insurance claims. Beneficiaries of ordinary insurance policies in the United States last year were paid more than $3.5 billion; that ought to count for something.

What is stated as the "true cost" of life insurance in the "Shopper's Guide" is more in the nature of an "index of relative value." It takes into account the actual payments made (premiums less any dividends). It also reflects the amount the policy owner gets back if the policy is cashed in at the end of twenty years. Finally, it takes into account the time of payment of premiums, dividends, and cash values.

Whatever you call it, this number can help life insurance buyers compare costs and values in similar policies. But it does not substitute for comparison of actual premiums, dividends, and cash values. That was the conclusion of the insurance industry committee that studied this question, invented the index, and published a report on it.

You say that "policies asking the highest premiums tend to be the best buys since their costs are relatively low." To my mind, that statement contradicts itself. Worse, it does not tell the reader what he should be told. It is true that high-premium policies can, and often do, provide even relatively higher value for the money and can be over all a better buy. But buyers have to make that decision individually,

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considering their own individual circumstances. They can do this well enough if they don't forget the basics, and that means a comparison of actual premiums, dividends, and cash values.

The "Shopper's Guide" does, in fact, point out the importance of comparing companies, contracts, actual dividend payment histories, etc. Much of the life insurance sold today uses illustrations that present the basic information about the policy in a simple and clear manner.

Russell Jensen
Milwaukee, Wis.

No Choice in China

Re: Jonathan Mirsky's "A Sinologist in China: Digging Beneath the 'Panda Image'" [*SR*, July 1]. Does Mr. Mirsky honestly think that Drs. Fei and Wu were really happy about being sent to do manual labor in the fields? They had to say they liked it. . . .

I have not been in China since 1936, but I was born there, as was my husband. We are Americans, but we know many Chinese who have escaped. I know someone who swam seven miles from the mainland to Macao. If things are so wonderful, why risk one's life? Unfortunately, only a few people have the chance to try for freedom, such as those who live in the Pearl River area (Canton to Hong Kong) or in the Swatow or Amoy regions. . . . The rest have no chance, and they can move from one place to another only with a permit.

Marion L. Stocker
Claremont, Calif.

1976 in Philadelphia

Re: Julius Duscha's "An American Tragicomedy: Planning the Big Bash for 1976" [*SR*, July 1]. Mr. Duscha's article contains a number of inaccuracies concerning Philadelphia's plans for the now defunct international bicentennial exposition. To set the record straight: 1) Plans never called for covering the Thirtieth Street station itself, but rather for covering the sprawling Penn Central Railroad yards north of the terminal (one of the few big-city railroad stations still standing in this country); 2) there is no neighborhood called Byberry in northeastern Philadelphia—the term refers only to the vicinity of a state hospital that goes by that name; 3) the mayor of this city is Frank *L.* (not *J.*) Rizzo; and 4) the Eastwick site, the screaming jets and poor highways notwithstanding, is dominated by the devastating environmental effects of a nearby petroleum refinery and, to my mind, is the ugliest piece of landscape to be found anywhere in this country bar none!

Professor Peter O. Muller
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pa.

Busing

I challenge the premise that equates racial prejudice with opposition to busing. William Serrin, in "They Don't Burn Buses Anymore in Pontiac" [*SR*, June 24], asserts without substantiation: "What many . . . parents oppose, of course, is not busing . . . but—despite their claims to the contrary—integration." In a subsequent paragraph, he reports no students are bused to the city's two high schools, which were integrated several years ago.

Mr. Serrin unwittingly is saying that racial prejudice flourishes in Pontiac among parents of children of elementary school age and subsides when the pupils reach the high school level—a premise even more difficult to substantiate.

J. B. Leftwich
Lebanon, Tenn.

Scattered Acts of Terror

Re: Ronald P. Kriss's editorial "Random Terror in the Middle East" [*SR*, June 24]. Mr. Kriss's bewilderment at the "alchemy" of the young terrorists might have been less had he not missed the significance of the fact that these Japanese died for a Palestinian cause. The crisis is a moral one, and it is universal. Injustice to one group outrages another, and the outrage transcends nationality and race. Compared with the atrocities that nation deals to nation and race to race, all under various stamps of legality, the scattered acts of terror appear puny. This is not to say they are either right or unimportant, for the right response to large organized atrocities cannot be little random ones. There must be other ways, but Mr. Kriss's righteous indignation is not any help in the search for these ways.

Michel Nicola
Mount Carroll, Ill.

I find it incredible that Mr. Kriss did not make any parallels with the random terror to which we have become so accustomed. On the electronic battlefield that we have created in Vietnam how can there be any room for concern over how a person is killed or a culture and land destroyed? If innocent people are in the way of a computer-directed attack on "military targets," alas, that is their misfortune. But the carnage is really not different from that at Lydda. For many more years than we wish to count, Vietnamese scientists, teachers, children, and travelers have lain in pools of blood and flesh and bone. Is it any different just because they're Vietnamese and sometimes called the enemy?

Mr. Kriss speaks of "an eerie, almost clinical, dispassion" displayed by the terrorists. Isn't it time we learned to recognize that they are merely kith and kin in dispassion to the men we pay with our tax dollars to fly our armada of B-52s? Isn't our government devotedly playing alchemist in "transforming an icy indifference to individual life into a concern for all mankind"? Isn't *our* "new society" for the whole world being bought at the price of a hundred thousand Lyddas?

Bruce A. Williamson
Denver, Colo.

Summer Music

Re: Hedy D. Jellinek's "American Summer Music Festivals" [*SR*, June 17]. You omitted the Blossom Music Center—a major festival that is the summer home of the Cleveland Orchestra.

David S. Levenson
Cleveland, O.

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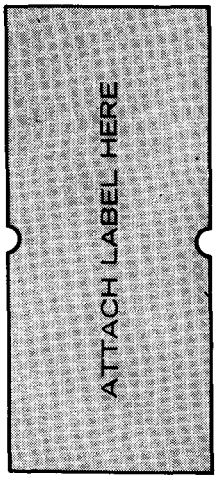

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Editorial

A Team Determined to Bring America Home

There was a time when you could count on the Democratic party to turn its quadrennial convention into a boozy brawl. Not this year. Maybe it was the fatigue that set in after five bruising months of primaries. Maybe it was the memory of 1968, which was rather too dramatic an affair. Maybe the weather had something to do with it, for Miami in midsummer is an open-air Turkish bath, oppressive and enervating.

Whatever it was, it seemed to drain the Democrats of their usual flair for the theatrical—so much so that the dramatic high points of the week were staged at what might be considered prime television time on Guam, but not anywhere in the continental United States. Had Teddy Kennedy's appearance or George McGovern's acceptance speech come any later, they would have been in direct competition with *Sunrise Semester*.

Disappointing though all that might have been to TV viewers, however, it can only be counted a plus for the Democrats. For when the party convened in Miami Beach, it looked as if it would tear itself apart, as it did in Chicago four years earlier or as the GOP did in 1964. Who can forget the ugly mood in San Francisco's Cow Palace that year, as Barry Goldwater's right-wing supporters, scenting victory after years of defeat, practically drove New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller from the podium with their thunderous boos? The elements of a comparable donnybrook were present in Miami Beach's cavernous convention center: a deep and rancorous split between the party's left and right wings, the presence of legions of new and inexperienced delegates, and, above all, a concern that, while the front-running contender might score a personal triumph by capturing the nomination, he might also lead the Democrats to a disastrous defeat in November.

Yet with few exceptions McGovern's minions proved thoroughly professional—as well as enthusiastic—despite the fact that four out of every five delegates were first-timers. There was a marvelous diversity in the make-up of the audience (and in its dress), thanks to the reforms charted largely by McGovern himself after 1968. There were more women than ever before (roughly 40 per cent of the total), more blacks and Chicanos and Indians, more under-thirties. With so untested a group, the potential for confusion, if not outright chaos, was great. But the overwhelming consensus is that the newcomers behaved a good deal better than the people they supplanted—the old pros who were wont to turn up tipsy, or to snooze in their seats, or to chat up old cronies in the aisles, oblivious of the futile gaveling from the podium. In addition to all this, it was, as Democratic National Chairman Larry O'Brien put it in closing tribute, "the most openly selected and broadly representative convention in American political history."

If the convention ended without the bloodletting that has characterized so many Democratic get-togethers, however, it did not close the great fissures within the party. It is unlikely that anything could have accomplished that feat. After all, despite McGovern's apparently easy first-ballot victory, the top vote-getter in the primaries won only 26 per cent of the total votes cast; that was Hubert H. Humphrey, and he had dropped out by balloting time. McGovern won only 25 per cent of the votes, putting him just a shade ahead of Alabama Governor George C. Wallace. Resentment runs deep in the Wallace camp, which is to be expected, but it is also disturbingly evident in the ranks of labor. And Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, whose Cook County machine has made the difference in more than one national election, was so profoundly humiliated by being unseated in favor of an insurgent delegation that he is unlikely to offer anything but token support, if that, to the Democratic ticket.

Even before his nomination, McGovern had begun to make conciliatory gestures toward disaffected members of his party. In crafting a platform, his lieutenants took care to make it liberal but not radical—capacious and sturdy enough to support virtually every faction but the Wallaceites. Whether his designation of Missouri Senator Thomas F. Eagleton as his running-mate will be of much help in the fence-mending process remains to be seen. Together they make an extraordinarily telegenic team—and the youngest ever to seek the nation's two top political posts (McGovern just turned fifty, and Eagleton is forty-two). Eagleton, moreover, is on good terms with labor. Where McGovern is a Methodist from a prairie state, Eagleton is a Roman Catholic from a border state.

Withal, McGovern insists that his choice was made, not to "balance" the ticket, but to give him a Vice President who shares his convictions and who can, if necessary, continue his work. McGovern is convincing on this point; he might, for example, have made a bid for southern votes by choosing Arkansas's Representative Wilbur Mills or Florida Governor Reubin Askew, or for labor votes by selecting United Auto Workers President Leonard Woodcock. That he chose not to do so is an indication of the strength that exists in abundance beneath George McGovern's deceptively gentle exterior.

A further sign of that strength was the tenor and delivery of his acceptance speech. With a conviction bordering on fervor, he pledged that "together, we will call America home to the founding ideals that nourished us in the beginning." Then, using that theme as a refrain in the closing moments of his speech, he said: "Come home to the affirmation that we have a dream. Come home to the conviction that we can move our country forward. Come home to the belief that we can seek a newer world."

It was not by accident that the last phrase was borrowed from the title of the late Senator Robert F. Kennedy's last book, *To Seek a Newer World*. McGovern has surrounded himself with ex-Kennedy aides and is plainly seeking to wrap himself in the Kennedy mantle. But it would be grievously unfair to say that he is attempting to project himself as nothing more than a carbon-copy Kennedy. He is manifestly his own man and has his own deep reservoirs of strength. Whether that strength can translate itself into votes will be the most fascinating story of the next several months.

Ronald P. Kriss

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Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY

SMART BOMBS AND DUMB STRATEGY

If peace comes to Vietnam, a military analyst argues, it will not be because the North Vietnamese have been bombed into submission, but because Washington has used its furious yet ineffectual attacks to mask a painful settlement.

BY EDMUND STILLMAN

If the pace of battle in Vietnam has slowed somewhat this past month, the same cannot be said for the tempo of the military press releases emanating from Washington and Saigon. The releases tell glowingly of ever-more-massive B-52 raids and of such technological wonders as the air force's new "smart bombs," TV- and laser beam-guided unerringly to their targets. Such sophisticated weaponry, we are asked to believe, makes all the difference between Lyndon Johnson's prodigious yet ineffectual bombing campaign during the years 1965 to 1968 and the present assault on North Vietnam and against the enemy armies operating in the South.

A skeptic might recall that there was no talk of ineffectuality when President Johnson was running the show. Quite to the contrary, back then the bombing took on the grandiloquent code name "Operation Rolling Thunder." Nevertheless, there is no mistaking the new note of glee. According to the Associated Press, reporting from Saigon in a typical story last month, "F-4 fighter-bombers . . . destroyed the Tai Hut and Dong Khai bridges, fifty miles south of the Chinese border. The jets directed five laser-guided bombs on the bridges. . . . 'We knocked hell out of them,' an official said. 'Those laser-guided bombs don't miss. They just don't miss,' he added."

As an engineering achievement the new weapons, in truth, are impressive. TV-guided bombs, such as the navy's Walleye, home in on their targets from altitudes as great as 30,000 feet, thereby significantly cutting down the risk to the attacking plane. Once the bomb is released, an airman monitors the target through a TV camera mounted in the nose of the falling weapon and controls its fins with radio impulses so as to guide the bomb directly to its target. By contrast, the A-37—a work-horse fighter-bomber of the Vietnam War, armed with four 500-pound bombs, two cylinders of rockets, and a 7.62-mm. machine gun that can "hose down" a hostile area at 7,000 rounds per minute—had to dive 1,500 feet to release its bombs and then descend even lower to target in its rockets. This procedure was much less accurate than the Walleye's, and, not surprisingly, the attrition rate of A-37s has been high.

Laser-guided bombs are even more sophisticated than the Walleye. Two attacking planes work together—one fixes the target with a thin beam of light from afar, while the other launches the bomb. The bomb then directs itself along the laser, impacting, it is claimed, within a "circular error probability" of five feet. An even newer laser system requiring only one attacking plane is on the way.

No, there is nothing comical about U.S. military technology in Vietnam—even if the gee-whiz demeanor of the public relations officers in Washington and Saigon who boast about it sometimes is. Still, the very prowess of American technology raises uncomfortable questions. Given the introduction of smart bombs, given the blocking of the North Vietnamese harbors and inland waterways with highly sophisticated mines that detect passing ships by variations in pressure, magnetism, and even sound, given the stupendous tonnage of bombs dropped on troop positions and supply lines in the South by tactical jets and B-52s, given the tremendous shellings by the sixty-odd ships of the U.S. Navy maneuvering off the coast—why has not the North Vietnamese spring offensive simply died? Why has not the North Vietnamese army disintegrated in the field? For that matter, why has not North Vietnam itself collapsed?

Some observers have gone so far as to remark that the continuing North Vietnamese resistance is the greatest defeat for American technology since Sputnik. Could it be, others have asked, that the explanation for the endurance of North Vietnam and her military forces is that the Soviets have equipped the North Vietnamese with an arsenal technologically superior even to our own? This latter notion, at least, can pretty well be dismissed. For all of Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird's publicly displayed anger against the Soviet Union for supplying Hanoi with what he called advanced weapons of war, the real truth is that the U.S.S.R. has hardly done so. The NVA fights with simple, if not downright primitive, weaponry. The Soviet leaders, as most of the Third World well knows,

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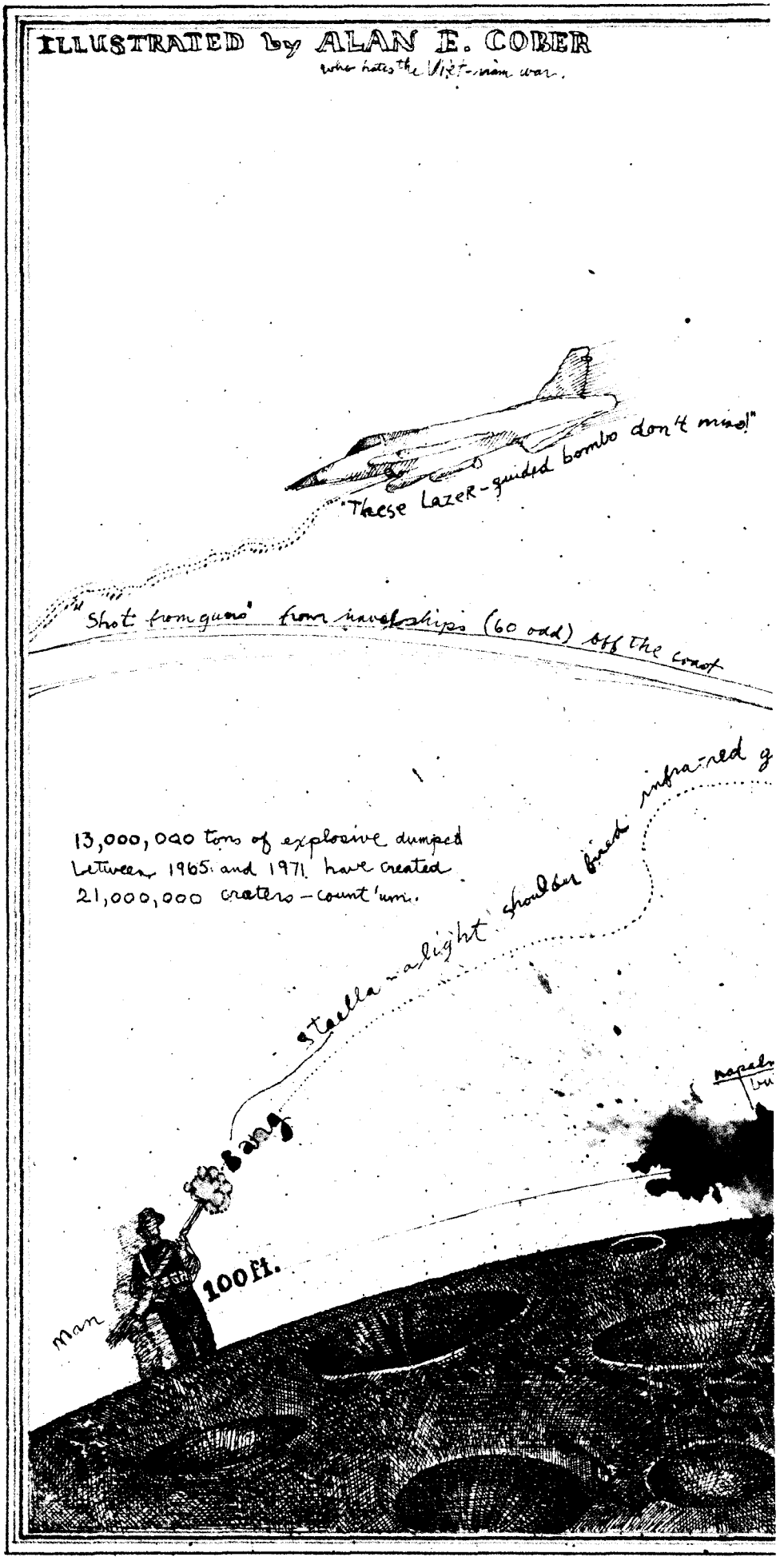
have given more and better equipment to the Egyptians (more than 1,000 T-54/T-55 medium tanks, fifty or so heavies such as the JS-3 and T-10, and superfast Mig-23s and Styx naval missiles that could make life terribly unpleasant for an American fleet operating close to the North Vietnamese coast). Hanoi has been making do without any such assistance. All the Soviets have supplied are light and medium tanks, a limited number of 130-mm., long-range artillery pieces, mortars, machine guns, and the AK-47 automatic rifle, but not much more.

In the Soviet arsenal there is plenty of other weaponry, some of it ten or fifteen years old, that Moscow could introduce into the battle, thereby turning the military situation upside down. A repeated scare is "Strella"—a light, shoulder-fired infrared-guided rocket that can home in on the motor heat of a hovering helicopter gunship and knock it down. Delta Company of the Fourth Air Cavalry reported the loss of a helicopter to Strella on May 2 only fifteen miles south of Hué. Subsequently, the story was confirmed by a high-ranking American officer in Saigon. There have been scattered reports of Strella since. But evidently the weapon, if available to the North Vietnamese at all, is in short supply.

Throughout the war Moscow has no doubt been afraid to anger Washington by introducing advanced weaponry—though of late Moscow's tone has begun to harden, as witness Brezhnev's words in his welcoming speech to Fidel Castro, demanding a change in the Saigon government and promising support for Hanoi "to find victory." The capability for mischief is certainly there—something the escalation artists in Washington might do well to remember. Escalation is a multi-sided game; there is always the theoretical possibility that the enemy, or even third-party players, will respond in kind—or more than kind.

Until now, at any rate, the technology used by the enemy in Vietnam to defeat, or mitigate, the advanced military technology employed by the United States has been of the simplest kind. For example, in defensive positions the North Vietnamese resort to the expedients of dispersion and digging. Our napalm may be a terrifyingly effective weapon against a company of troops caught in the open or against a tightly formed convoy of trucks. But against troops spread out over a wide area, dug


ILLUSTRATED by ALAN E. COBER
who hates the Viet-nam war.
"These Lazer-guided bombs don't miss!"
Shot from guns from warships (60 odd) off the coast
13,000,000 tons of explosive dumped between 1965 and 1971 have created 21,000,000 craters—count 'um.
Strella—a light shoulder fired infra-red g
Bang
100 ft.
Man
napalm

Besides being a prominent magazine illustrator, Alan E. Cober, who states after his signature on the work at right "who hates the Vietnam war," is chairman and organizer of the "Artists Against the War" exhibition held at the Society of Illustrators in New York City earlier this month.

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This is a B-52, able to fly thousands of miles without refuelling, bombing from 30,000 feet by radar carrying a bomb load of 25 tons
The bombs fall faster than sound so the aircraft is not warned by the "Whispering Death" usually flying in cells of 3 they carry 270 500 lb bombs.
Boom
"I think we've been hit by a Strella."
"Don't tell anyone."
That can home in on heated motor
fying, effective against troops in the open
work well against troops in foxholes with roof straw
near cousins.
30ft.
foxhole
5ft.
Bunker

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into foxholes, and insulated by layers of straw mats doused with water, it is something else. North Vietnamese trucks seldom move in tight convoy thereby presenting an easy target; they move one by one without lights, at night. In the daytime, for all the defoliants, visibility from the air is desperately limited in the thickly forested high plateaus of central Vietnam. Perhaps it is true, as professors Arthur H. Westing and E. W. Pfeiffer have claimed in a recent article in *Scientific American,* that there are twenty-one million craters in South Vietnam; that a staggering thirteen million tons of explosives were dumped on the country between 1965 and 1971; and that giant bulldozers with eleven-foot blades have subjected 750,000 acres, mostly woodland, to "Rome Plowing" —an allusion to the Roman legionnaire's habit of making a graveyard and calling it a peace. The question remains: How militarily effective has this devastation proved?

Hard as it is to credit, the countryside of Vietnam is *not* a desert, at least not in the South. The ecosystem is surprisingly hard to destroy; its survival is perhaps the eeriest feature of all. I make no defense of the bombings, north or south of the 17th Parallel, but it was not so long ago, though before the latest upsurge in fighting, that I flew over a large part of South Vietnam by helicopter at an altitude of 1,500 feet or less, and, for all the death and suffering that had gone on below, there was damnably little evidence of ruin in the countryside. (I presume that since the spring offensive began, apart from such leveled cities as Quang Tri, Kontum, or An Loc, the situation has not greatly changed.) And where was the enemy, I asked myself, as I peered down from 1,500 feet at those smiling valleys, wide-stretching rice paddies, and green jungle clumps—where, but where?

Well, some people thought they knew. And so, one afternoon at four o'clock, I saw two South Vietnamese Air Force A-37s peel off and splash napalm all over a hillside. How many tens of thousands of dollars, I wondered, were being expended in the hope of intercepting a little band of black-pajamaed Vietcong who, according to intelligence reports, just might have been sneaking down into the valley to collect a little rice?

Jets? Napalm? All that to intercept five or six coolies creeping under thick jungle cover—if they were there at all that four o'clock of a sunny afternoon somewhere in II Corps area. Why not instead dispatch an ambush patrol to intercept the enemy? Well, it is an old story that American troops do not like to climb hills—this particular clump of jungle lay two or three thousand feet above the plain—and the South Vietnamese army has learned its ways from the Americans. It seems that they, too, prefer ordering napalm strikes to climbing hills. Everyone on our side in Vietnam is spoiled; we are fighting a rich man's war. But, of course, the South Vietnamese army is not rich, and if we and our air power should go. . . .

The jets wheel and dive, oily flame blankets the hillside, parrots scream, monkeys chatter, and five minutes later, I imagine, the little band of Vietcong clamber from their hiding place and slip down into the valley below. They will get their rice.

There has been too much talk of "smart" bombs and hardly any about all those that remain dumb, abysmally dumb.

This war is a parable—the toils and tribulations of America, the blind giant. It is so hard to understand. Flying into the Tan Son Nhut or Bien Hoa or Nha Trang air bases, the eyes bulge at the wealth and power assembled. There are acres of helicopters, Phantom jets, and Dragonships—so sinister in their black night paint, each equipped with four miniguns that can spew out 2,000 or 3,000 rounds per minute. No wonder a succession of civilians such as McGeorge Bundy and Walt Rostow and Mr. Agnew and Mr. Laird, to say nothing of reporters—Americans as well as other foreigners—have not been able to make themselves believe in the futility and waste of it all. To see the American military effort in Vietnam is to see immediately where tens of billions of dollars go—and to stand momentarily reassured in the faith that the United States is still, after all, the mightiest of the mighty.

Alas for the civilian's awe of military power, for most of this might is ineffectual. Ten or twelve miles from Nha Trang air base, one does not stroll in the countryside except on combat patrol. The young soldiers on the mountaintop outpost huddle behind sandbags and concertina wire, besieged by the unknown, while in plain view, so achingly near and yet unutterably far away, the sailboats heel to wind along Nha Trang beach. It is a surreal war.

The trouble is that for all these years there has been too much talk about things like "smart bombs" and hardly any at all about the other 99.8 per cent of the bombs that remain "dumb," abysmally dumb. Bombs—short of nuclear bombs, which can be ruled out, one hopes, from any consideration—are not magical weapons. The simple truth, borne home again and again by the experience of combat, is that air power *alone,* unsupported by disciplined and able ground forces, cannot turn the tide. This remark is carefully formulated. It says something very different from the armchair theorists' airy dismissal of air power—the exaggerated claims for air power by the flyboys having engendered some equally exaggerated rebuttals.

In modern war air power is immensely powerful, and in the appropriate circumstance it can make a crucial difference. But it is not a universal weapon, equally effective everywhere. And too often in recent times it has been wielded blindly (not only by Americans) as a merely *vengeful* weapon—the unreasoning resort to violence by a baffled combatant who cannot, or dares not, or must not, use his forces on the ground.

This past half century has seen no lack of extremist ideologies of air warfare. There was Douhet, with his doctrine of terror raining from the skies—a doctrine that seized the imaginations of the Luftwaffe and Royal Air Force alike. There was Alexander de Seversky, with his glib promises early in World War II of easy *Victory Through Air Power*. There was Hermann Goering, uselessly bombing Coventry; there was "Bomber" Harris of the RAF, who rejected the "panaceas" of discriminating bomber attack in favor of murderous city-bombing, such as the hideous (but unnecessary) attack on Dresden. There were our own unreflective air force generals, caught up, willingly or not, in the Vietnam War.

The attraction to the American home front of strategic bombing of the North is obvious: There is the appearance of the war being prosecuted, and not many of our boys die. But, according to the historical record, the actual military effect of mass "strategic" bombing in this century—and even of precision strategic bombing of the enemy's home front—has been ambiguous, to say the least. Between 1941 and 1945, the British Bomber Command visited a veritable hurricane of bombs on Germany's cities, dams, and railroad system. Yet the paradoxical result, as both the British and American strategic bombing surveys concluded after World War II, was that Germany's industrial production for war was significantly *higher* in 1944 than three years earlier, in spite of all the killing and damage.

A reasonable assumption is that the North Vietnamese case is similar—an assumption that is strengthened by the fact that massive bombing attacks, sustained over more than three years, did

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not in the days of Lyndon Johnson bring the other side "to its senses," still less to the point of collapse. The Nixon administration may claim greater effectiveness for the present campaign, citing its bombing of new strategic targets, once forbidden, in Hanoi and Haiphong and its mining of the harbors; the air force may crow about its smart bombs and other engineering feats, but essentially it is the same air force and naval air carrying out the bombings, and, more to the point, it is the same North Vietnam.

The great difficulty is that North Vietnam is a singularly unrewarding target. The qualities of courage and discipline shown by its people aside, there is the discouraging fact that north of the 17th Parallel there is simply not that much to burn or to blow up. North Vietnam is not an industrial agglomeration like Hitler's Germany or Tojo's Japan; it is an underdeveloped country, with the most rudimentary production facilities and a capacity to disperse to the open countryside what facilities it does have.

As a result, the United States is up against the classic dilemma of the developed power (I would like to say "civilized" power, but somehow the word will not quite come) fighting against the underdeveloped barbarians —a dilemma as old as that of the Persian Cyrus the Great marching against the Scythians in their trackless steppes, as that of the Roman Emperor Hadrian and later Antoninus Pius harrying the wild Picts and Scots beyond the northern wall and finding only wretched straw huts to burn, as that of the British army in India in the days of the Raj lunging against the Pathans and Afghans of the barren northwest frontier hills. The barbarians, in every case, have little of material value to destroy.

In mid-June, for example, air force spokesmen claimed the destruction of North Vietnam's principal electric power plant—a hydroelectric generator "capable of producing up to 75 per cent" of North Vietnam's requirements. The air force neglected to note that this was the same plant reported on by then Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara to the Senate Armed Services Committee on August 25, 1967. The claim, even then, was that "85 per cent of the country's central electric generating capacity" had been destroyed. However, Mr. McNamara admitted unhappily that the plant in question was smaller than the Pepco plant supplying suburban Alexandria, Virginia, and in any case was made superfluous by the more than 2,000 small diesel-driven generator sets scattered around the country to supply essential needs. Concluded the Secretary of Defense: "The significant industrial facilities can be counted on your fingers. . . . [North Vietnam has] no real war-making industrial base and hence none which could be destroyed by bombing." Additionally discouraging is the fact that our "enemy" draws his weaponry, not from his own productive capacity, small in any case, but from vast sanctuaries in the Soviet Union and China that cannot be attacked and that the Nixon administration, in spite of all the frenetic diplomatic activity of the past few months and all the repeated hints dropped, has yet to demonstrate convincingly have been wholly cut off, or neutralized, by political means any more than by technical.

None of this is to say the bombings and the mining of the harbors of the North do not hurt the enemy. Hanoi has admitted as much. On June 5, *Nhan Dan*, the official Communist daily in Hanoi, conceded that "very difficult" economic problems have resulted from the bombing. But the editorial added: "Even if the enemy succeeds in the bomb destruction of our cities and our large industrial installations, they can never paralyze our economy to the point of preventing our survival and our ability to supply the South."

Basic training for the NVA soldier lasts nine months, four of which are devoted to the practice of digging.

The conclusion may not be sheer braggadocio. North Vietnam shares a long border with China and Laos over almost any point of which supplies may be moved. In addition, the North Vietnamese are building an oil pipeline from China to circumvent the blockade. Moreover, a careful reading of the communiqués reveals that we have claimed the same rail lines leading to China as cut again and again.

The truth, as the Washington intelligence community must know, is that the North Vietnamese prepared far in advance for their current invasion of the South. For three years during the bombing pause stocks were built up. It is estimated that the railroad network was expanded five times. Along every mile of railroad track, one or two hundred yards back, hidden among the brush and trees, lay piles of railroad ties and spare steel rails. Pontoon bridges are hidden under riverbanks, ready to be swung into use when needed. It takes only a matter of hours to repair the effects of most bomb attacks—by smart bombs or dumb.

None of this suggests that North Vietnam will crack under the bombing any time soon, or even that Hanoi's offensive in the South will quickly (literally) run out of gas. What, then, of the effects of tactical bombing—air attacks against the North Vietnamese troops operating in the South?

If the A-37s, F-4s, F-10s, and Cobra gunships can find the enemy—and this is purely a matter of reliable battlefield intelligence and competently trained forward air controllers—they can be devastating. The question is, How good is the intelligence and the forward air control? It is noteworthy that, while the North Vietnamese spring offensive must have been preceded by intense, and detectable, ground activity as the troops moved south and prepared for the assault, the Saigon army's intelligence was caught completely by surprise. Even Secretary Laird proclaimed just a few weeks before the spring offensive that it *could not happen*. The advanced American detection system—electronic sensors, for example—in the end is still only as good as the ability to process the information gathered, the mental energy to assess it accurately, and the courage to push unwelcome news up the line of command to all-too-often incompetent, slothful, and politically minded generals who are cronies of President Thieu. As for the South Vietnamese forward air controllers, only a few have mastered their art; and, more important, before going into action the U.S. Air Force usually requires the request, or, at the minimum, the confirmation, of an American adviser present on the ground near where the strike is to be directed. Thus, the preponderance of air power available in South Vietnam is not normally at the disposal of the South Vietnamese army acting on its own.

The problems of communications are vastly complicated when the much-touted "Arclight" raids by B-52s come into play. To begin with, when the B-52s appear over the battlefield, they have already flown hundreds of miles from such bases as Utapao in Thailand, if not thousands of miles from Guam. The request to call them in has proceeded along a complex chain of command: from the South Vietnamese army commander to the American adviser attached to the ARVN unit requesting the strike to U.S. Air Force headquarters in Saigon (where, technically, consultation with ARVN headquarters is necessary for "approval" and "permission"), and only then to the distant air bases themselves. Incredible as it may seem, the usual time between the initial request for B-52 support at the front and the arrival of the giant eight-motor bombers is twelve hours. It can spin out to as

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much as twenty—even though the air force claims the bombers are sometimes diverted to new missions once they are in the air. The chances are that against an intelligent enemy—and the North Vietnamese are intelligent—the target has long since disappeared from the field or dug underground.

Taken in the abstract, the power of the B-52s is awesome. Able to fly thousands of miles without refueling, able to bomb with amazing accuracy from a height of 30,000 feet, each plane carrying a bomb load of twenty-five tons, they would seem irresistible. Normally, too, the B-52s operate in "cells" of three—so that the total weight of the 270 bombs dropped into a "target box" measuring 1.8 by 0.6 miles is a horrifying 67.5 *tons*. The bombs fall faster than sound so that they impact without warning—which, according to Pentagon publicists, accounts for the fact that the North Vietnamese have dubbed the B-52s "Whispering Death." Such a weapon seems utterly unanswerable by the enemy until one looks into the actual effect of the weapons—and it is here that the technology of the shovel comes to the fore.

The air force does not release performance figures about its bombs, but reliable estimates published by British experts hold that a normal 500-pound bomb is lethal within a radius of 100 feet for a man standing in the open, but only with a radius of 30 feet for a man hiding in a decent foxhole. "Flechette" bombs have a greater killing radius against unprotected troops but are virtually useless against structures. The B-52s could not better this performance by carrying bigger bombs. To double the size of each bomb would reduce by half the total number of bombs carried and increase the lethal area of each individual explosion by only 30 per cent. The present bomb size-to-number ratio has been carefully calculated so as to optimize lethal effect within the target box. Yet the enemy on the ground may easily improve his already remarkably good chances of survival with simple expedients. A mere 25 per cent increase in protection, for example, cuts enemy losses by approximately half, so the enemy has ample incentive to dig.

And the North Vietnamese do dig. The average NVA soldier is given nine months of basic training, of which four months are devoted to the theory and practice of digging. It is estimated that without using heavy earth-moving or earth-drilling machinery, the average NVA private can dig twenty feet down in *one* hour in average soil. This extraordinary burrowing capacity vastly increases the life expectancy of enemy soldiers.

And thus, in the final analysis, the horrendous B-52 raids are an extremely clumsy method of "zapping Charlie." Some estimates have it that it takes an average of seventy-three tons of bombs to kill one North Vietnamese soldier—more, that is, than the total bomb load of any single three-plane B-52 cell appearing over the battlefield.

If the B-52s can find the enemy in the open (it has happened, but not often) men will die in 28 per cent of the 1.08-square-mile target box. This means that in the ideal case, where the target box exactly coincides with the enemy troop dispositions, so that no bombs fall on unoccupied fields or jungle, the chance of killing an NVA soldier is less than one in three.

But (again assuming an ideal congruence between the enemy dispositions and the box) if the enemy soldiers are crouched in average foxholes, the lethal area is reduced to a meager 2.5 per cent of the box. Here the chances of killing the enemy fall to less than one in forty. And if the enemy is hiding in even rudimentary bunkers—that is, bunkers far weaker than those around An Loc or Kontum—the lethal area may well fall to a trivial 0.6 per cent, and the probability of kill plummets to a near-hopeless 1 in 157.

Thus it is not too difficult to understand the reasons behind an Associated Press dispatch during the fighting in May: "United States B-52 bombers carried out the heaviest concentration of strikes of the war along an eight-mile line to the north of [An Loc]. They dropped more than 1,700 tons of explosives, but when the raids were over, the enemy guns opened fire again."

Although the figures may have varied a little this way or that over the years, tactical bombing has always proved relatively ineffective. On the island of Tarawa during World War II, for example, the U.S. Navy fired and dropped more than 3,500 tons of shells and bombs into an area of nineteen million square feet—that is, only a little more than half a single B-52 target box. This was to drop one ton of explosives for each 5,340 square feet. By contrast, the B-52 cell drops a mere one ton for each 446,054 square feet. In other words, the weight per square foot of bombs and shells unloaded at Tarawa was eighty-three times greater than in a standard B-52 target box.

Now read what the navy's "Secret Information Bulletin No. 15, Battle Experiences—Supporting Operations Before and During the Occupation of the Gilbert Islands, Nov. 1943," later made public, has to say:

> . . . The naval bombardment prior to the landing on D-day was greater per square unit of ground than had ever previously been given in preparation of a landing operation. On practically every square foot of the island pieces of shell fragments were later found. . . . Hundreds of the enemy in open trenches were killed. In contrast to this destruction . . . heavily protected dugouts, pillboxes, machine gun emplacements, and bombproof shelters, and the personnel in them, remained almost unaffected by this fire.

Before Tarawa could be taken, 1,115 marines out of approximately 5,000 who took part in the assault lost their lives. Another 2,309 of that number were wounded.

But in spite of all this, the bombing does matter; it has had its effect.

Certainly, it has slowed General Giap down—an army that must dig cannot practice blitzkrieg—and its aid to the morale of the ARVN has been immense. Can anyone doubt that, left to their own devices, the South Vietnamese would long ago have crumbled? The trouble, from the official American point of view, is that without a high-grade army cooperating on the ground, bombing is a weapon of war that injures the enemy's fighting capacity but does not kill it. For if the object of the NVA spring offensive was to test the success or failure of Vietnamization, the proof of its failure is by now overwhelming. The level of American air support has had to be more than tripled; the naval forces operating off the coasts dramatically raised from twelve to sixty-five ships. We are building *new* air bases in Thailand. Secretary of Defense Laird is now telling us that next year the direct cost of American operations in Vietnam will rise by $5 billion and the actual figure will surely be higher.

This is hardly ending the American involvement in the war. Yet it is typical of this war that the American planners never seem to assimilate the truth. From the depths of despair, six or eight weeks ago, they have begun to regain their customary euphoria. They have guessed wrong in this war, again and again—not the least in predicting that the spring offensive would begin at Tet, in February, as in 1968, as if Hanoi would pull the same trick twice. Now that the swift deterioration of the military situation has halted, they have begun to confuse holding with winning. But how will they win? Has the other side really no possibility of pulling new surprises? Are the Soviets really incapable of delivering dangerous new weapons?

Surely, the better part of wisdom would be to settle things now, while the situation is, for the precarious moment at least, a little better. That is our best hope—but we should understand if a ceasefire comes, it will not mean that our power smashed the enemy, but our furious and inefficient attacks have made it possible for Washington to accept and disguise a painful settlement in Vietnam. □

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A RADICAL GUIDE TO WEDLOCK

It's time the marriage vows were written in the form of a legal contract, say the authors. Dotting all the i's might prevent some unions, it's true, but that is just the point.

BY NORMAN SHERESKY AND MARYA MANNES

We marry in America with less knowledge of what we are doing than when buying a car. And a little knowledge goes a notably short way. According to the latest report on marriage issued by the National Center for Health Statistics in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, 455 out of every 1,000 marriages made in this country last year are destined to wind up in the bitter and unhappy toils of the divorce court. With our divorce rate now the highest in the world, obviously the time has come to ask what is wrong with the American way of marrying—with letting people in for the price of a state license and out only at the emotional cost of a heart transplant.

But is there an alternative? What if, for example, we made the tough part of marriage getting in instead of getting out? What if we obliged potential marriage partners to explore together in advance of marriage—and in writing—their motives for marrying, as well as the extent of their intended commitments with regard to children, property sharing, and future alimony, should the marriage fail? Some will argue that if we required couples to take such a deep look at their motives and potential obligations before marriage, a good many people would never go through with marriage at all. But that, in part, is just the point.

In the following pages we present a sample of a premarital contract between two fictitious but reasonably typical contemporary candidates for marriage. Before turning to it, however, let us glance briefly at the system it would improve upon—that is, at the way we marry now. Why *do* we marry? What undermines our chances of success? And what are some of the marital obligations we presently take on by law at the moment of marriage—whether or not we agree to them or even know about them?

We Americans are a mobile and unauthoritarian people, increasingly rootless, shedding our past, evading our future. We live for today and shut out the reality of tomorrow in the same way that we shut out the reality of death. In this context, a man and woman marry when there is a curious and too often strictly temporary alignment of their expectations and needs. We are attracted to our partners because they promise a fulfillment of ourselves, because they satisfy our sexual appetites, because they seem to enlarge our sense of living and loving—now.

Our vision entering marriage is not merely temporary, however. It is also still strongly affected by traditional social attitudes, ones that are con-

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Adapted from *Uncoupling: The Art of Coming Apart*, copyright © 1972 by Norman Sheresky and Marya Mannes to be published next month by the Viking Press.

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cerned less with enduring love than with appearances. Ingrained in a great many women is the belief that marriage combines two opposite ideals: escape and security—escape from parents or the burden of creating a separate identity; security in the arms and home of the protector-provider. Nor is a man immune to the nudgings of social convenience and convention. A wife is good for business. A wife can supply comforts few bachelors bother with on their own. And sex? No lack of it anywhere, but men dream of not having to leave the beds of others at dawn and of feasting at will.

Besides seeking mates who seemingly are able to satisfy our present sexual needs or our present needs for familial substitution, we often have other individual needs that we more or less unconsciously seek to satisfy in marriage. If we are drug addicts, alcoholics, or people with other compulsive habits, we tend to find mates who will satisfy us either by punishing us for our habits or by continually trying to rescue us from them. If we are insecure self-doubters, we may seek the satisfaction of marrying mates whose frailties loom even larger and whom we may therefore criticize. If we are lonely and afraid, we may seek anybody who will give us the temporary relief of filling time and space. Very often we marry for the same reason that others take pills ("uppers" or "downers")—simply to change our state of being.

Marriages crumble, finally, when each partner blames the other for failing to embody the original visions that impelled their union: "I would have made something of myself if it hadn't been for you!" or, "I could have married anybody I wanted. Why did I have to choose you?" Why, indeed?

Even if we chose wisely in the light of an apparent meshing of respective strengths and requirements, however, the crack in the marriage foundation that can still split it wide open is, simply, ignorance—an appalling ignorance of the realistic obligations of marriage itself. Ironically, ignorance about the true nature of physical love often is a cause of major marital fission—ironically, because we now appear to know everything we ever wanted to know about sex and are bombarded with manuals on how to please everybody forever. How then does ignorance about sex continue to be responsible for the wreck of an enormous number of marriages?

Serious students of sex, such as Masters and Johnson, have made important and useful contributions to the knowledge of our sexual selves, contributions that have already saved foundering marriages and could, if translated into less abstruse language,

Alimony is no more certain than a roll of dice, and the consequences may be as disastrous as they are for gamblers.

rescue many more. That such information about sexual problems is not made available in simple terms may well reflect society's belief that we are not to be trusted with it. Deluged instead with nonbooks by nonwriters (e.g., *The Sensuous Woman*, *The Sensuous Man*), many marriage partners persist in believing that the sexual pleasures they enjoy before or anticipate when they marry will last forever, without further knowledge, effort, or growth on their part.

And what of our overwhelming ignorance of the obligations we take on by law when we marry? Any law student will tell you that a contract cannot exist between two people unless the parties to it agree to each of its essential terms. But we all know that when we say in a state of trembling euphoria, "I do," no contract detailing the terms we are agreeing to is ever presented.

If you are of sufficient age and mental capacity, free of specific diseases, not imprisoned, and not already married, the state will license you to marry anybody of the opposite sex—even if you hate babies, dote on rock music, and believe wholeheartedly in the overthrow of the government while your intended spouse loves large families, likes classical music, and sits on the Republican National Committee. But once married in the state of New York, for example, you are harnessed with several hundreds of sections of the Domestic Relations Law, the Family Court Act and Rules, and other related statutes and decisions that have the force of law. It seems that our legislators feel that marriages are not to be lightly discarded, even if they have been lightly contracted.

Marriage partners are obliged, by law, to divulge to each other some of the most essential facts about themselves. Concealing prior marriages, hereditary diseases, past imprisonments, unwillingness to become a parent, or affiliations with dubious organizations, may be grounds for annulment or divorce on the basis of fraud. Married persons must also engage, at least occasionally, in sexual relations, although there is not the slightest obligation to enjoy such activities and no regulation involving frequency. No statutory obligation to love, honor, or obey exists, but wives may not refuse to cohabit with husbands in such reasonable places as the husband may designate. Each partner in a marriage must insulate the state against the cost of supporting the other and the children of the marriage. The state, for example, will not pay for the hospitalization of the husband if the wife can afford to foot the bill.

There are a host of other obligations involving the ownership of property that arise out of the marital relation. Husbands and wives may now own property separate and apart from each other. They may contract with each other and sue each other. But contracts between husbands and wives are minutely scrutinized by the courts and, since each is assumed to have a duty to treat the other fairly and openly, contractual agreements may be obliterated and "implied obligations" imposed by a judge if he feels the married partners have not been open and fair with each other.

It is an extremely common occurrence for husbands and wives, faced with impending divorce, to claim that all of the property, real or personal, standing in the name of one spouse was always intended by both parties to be joint property. A myriad of statutes and decisions exists for determining the status of real or personal property, whether held individually or jointly. But in matrimonial cases, laws and precedents are not applied with the same rigidity accorded to routine commercial transactions. Again, outcomes are often up to the judge.

The state maintains, finally, that a husband has a duty of which he may not relieve himself—that of supporting his wife and children. But what are the rules concerning alimony? They are incomprehensible—that's what they are. There are rules, decisions, and statutes instructing the judge that wives should not be permitted to become "alimony drones"—self-indulgent, indolent parasites. These compete with other rules, statutes, and decisions directing that the court take into consideration the length of the marriage, the age of the wife, the age of the children, and a preseparation standard of living.

What all this means is that the amount of alimony, if any, is no more certain than a roll of the dice in Las Vegas and the consequences to the litigants may be just as disastrous as they are to the gamblers. Yet, how often do engaged couples consider this crucial subject in advance? Or their feelings about child support? Or whether their assets and joint income should be divided or undivided? Why should a woman whose husband has permitted her and encouraged her to become a marital cripple with no economic potential be treated on a parity with a woman whose earning capacity has not

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been influenced or deterred by the marriage at all?

More importantly, why shouldn't the parties themselves make the rules before there is trouble? Why shouldn't the standard of support be agreed upon before it is imposed upon the couple? Why is it not just as sensible for newlyweds to agree on what standards they wish imposed rather than to rely upon a judge to whom marriage may have an entirely different meaning?

The following hypothetical agreement between a fictitious engaged couple, whom we shall call Donald Brown and Ina Jones, sets forth in advance of their marriage the sort of facts and beliefs that we think should be spelled out explicitly by persons entering into a hopefully lifelong relationship. It goes without saying that such an agreement as this would be invalid under existing laws in every state in the Union. Furthermore, we recognize, of course, that the very idea of such a contract goes against the grain of our romantic matrimonial tradition. Yet the notion of the fullest possible disclosure of relevant facts and viewpoints, the concept of the planned marriage, and the idea of facing the possibility of the dissolution of a union prior to entering into one should not threaten the institution of marriage in our society. Indeed, such frankness might well guarantee its future. □

MEMORANDUM OF UNDERSTANDING AND INTENT made this twenty-eighth day of July, 1972, between *Donald Brown*, residing at 1142 Damon Avenue, City of Chicago, Cook County, and State of Illinois, herein called *Donald*, and *Ina Jones*, residing at 1602 North State Parkway, City of Chicago, Cook County, and State of Illinois, herein called *Ina*.

WHEREAS the parties about to marry desire to make full and fair disclosures to each other of significant facts and circumstances concerning their lives; and

WHEREAS the parties desire to make full and fair disclosures of their attitudes and expectations concerning their marital future and the future of any children born to them from the pending marriage; and

WHEREAS the parties desire to determine and fix by this antenuptial agreement the rights and claims that will accrue to each of them in the estate and property of the other by reason of the marriage,

IT IS MUTUALLY AGREED AS FOLLOWS:

ARTICLE I

Declaration of Marital Intention

(a) *Donald* and *Ina* each declares to the other the intention to marry in the City of Chicago, Cook County, State of Illinois, on or before September thirtieth, 1972.

(b) This marriage is freely and voluntarily being entered into out of mutual love and respect held by the parties for each other. Neither party has agreed to enter this marriage under any threats, emotional or otherwise, nor has any relative of either of the parties exercised any undue influence upon either *Donald* or *Ina*.

(c) Each party assures the other that he or she has had sufficient time and information to make the decision to marry in accordance with the terms of this MEMORANDUM.

ARTICLE II

Historical Representation

Donald hereby warrants to *Ina* and guarantees that she may act in reliance upon the following representations:

(a) He is twenty-nine years old. He attended the University of Chicago from which he graduated in 1965 with a bachelor of science degree and with acceptable but unexceptional grades.

(b) His mother and father are living; until February 1963 he resided with them and contributed toward their support. He still occasionally contributes toward their support and intends to continue to the extent that he is able during marriage. *Donald's* parents react favorably to the contemplated marriage. *Donald's* parents have not been divorced, nor has his sister, but his older brother has been divorced twice.

(c) *Donald* was previously married in April 1963, and that marriage ended in a divorce in June 1970. There is one child of that marriage, *Michael*, age six. The decree of divorce was handed down by the Supreme Court, Cook County. It awarded custody of *Michael* to *Donald's* former wife, granted her alimony and child support in the sum of $140 weekly, and granted *Donald* visitation privileges every other weekend, holidays, and two weeks in summertime with *Michael*. A copy of the divorce decree has been shown to and read by *Ina*.

(d) There is no known history of mental illness in *Donald's* family. There are no hereditary or other diseases prevalent in *Donald's* family, and *Donald* is in excellent physical health.

(e) There is no history of any arrest or conviction of *Donald* for any criminal behavior, nor is there any history of compulsive addiction to drugs, alcohol, or gambling.

(f) *Donald* is presently employed as an assistant sales manager for Rugby Electronics Company at a salary of $20,500 annually, including bonuses and exclusive of certain travel and entertainment expenses, which are made available to him by his employer. His salary during the three previous years was as follows: 1969—$14,500, 1970—$17,500, 1971—$18,500.

(g) The relationship of *Donald* with his parents, his brothers, and sister has been explained fully to *Ina*.

Donald and *Ina* have discussed at length his family's "tradition" of a two-week sojourn every year at the Brown residence in Michigan and *Donald's* desire to continue that tradition. *Ina* has expressed a reluctance to adhere to the tradition but agrees to be bound by *Donald's* wishes. *Donald* has agreed that he will make no arrangements for other familial visitations without the consent of *Ina* and that such visitations should be no more frequent than twice monthly.

(h) *Donald* has disclosed to *Ina* that his relationship with his past wife continues to be strained. He has dis-

Marriages crumble when partners begin asking, "Why did I marry you?" Why indeed?

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closed to her that on at least two prior occasions he and his former wife have been involved in legal proceedings relating to the custody and amount of support of *Michael*. The nature of such proceedings, the reasons therefore, and all other questions of *Ina's* concerning them have been fully explored by the parties.

Donald's relationship with *Michael* has been fully explored by the parties. It is *Donald's* present feeling that the time may arise when he would wish to gain custody of *Michael*. *Ina* is reluctant, however, to consider *Donald* having custody during the first two years of their marriage. It has been agreed by *Donald* and *Ina* that, barring an emergency, no attempt will be made by *Donald* to obtain such custody for two years from the date of marriage.

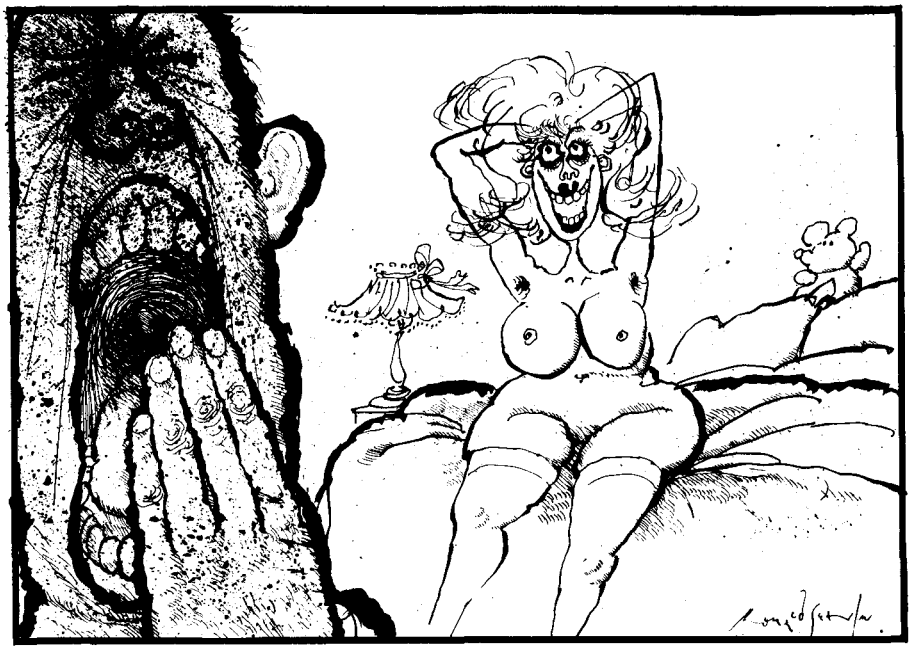
Donald has made known to *Ina* his concern over *Michael's* hostility toward her. Both parties have agreed that, while the welfare of *Michael* should continue to be a paramount consideration of both parties, the relationship between *Donald* and *Ina* should not be affected by *Michael's* attitude nor should their marriage be delayed by it. It has been agreed that the parties will make clear to *Michael* that his hostility will not be tolerated as a wedge between *Donald* and *Ina* and that his conduct will have to be reasonably acceptable to both *Donald* and *Ina*. The parties have agreed that in the event they cannot cope successfully with this problem they will seek professional guidance to help them overcome it.

(i) There has been nothing in the past sex life of *Donald* that requires further disclosure. There are no sexual acts that are important to him or an essential part of the sex life contemplated by him that are not presently practiced by the parties. *Donald* has been able to express himself sexually in all the ways important to the parties, and such issues as frequency of intercourse, desire for periods of sexual abstention, positions of intercourse, etc., have all been explored to *Donald's* satisfaction.

Ina hereby warrants to *Donald* and guarantees that he may act in reliance upon the following representations.

(a) She is twenty-one years old. She attended, but did not graduate from, the University of Michigan, which she left after her junior year in 1970. At that time her grades were passing but below average. The circumstances under which she left college and the reasons therefore have been fully explained to *Donald*.

(b) Her mother and father are divorced, and she has no brothers or sisters. Until October 1970 she lived with her mother. She rarely sees her father,



Too many partners believe sexual pleasure will last forever with no effort on their part.

with whom she has an extremely disagreeable relationship. *Ina's* relationship with her mother is unusually close, and she visits with her as often as three or four times weekly. *Ina* and *Donald* have had many conversations concerning what *Donald* has protested to be far too close a relationship between mother and daughter. He has sought, but has been refused, permission from *Ina* to discuss the matter directly with her mother. *Ina's* view that her mother has been left "out on a limb" by her father and that *Ina*, as a consequence, has an obligation to her mother to visit more frequently than is customary, has been rejected by *Donald*. Although *Ina* has agreed to limit her visits to her mother to two afternoons weekly and has agreed that joint visitations with her mother by her and *Donald* be limited to twice monthly, *Ina* feels such concessions should not have been asked of her.

Donald has expressed considerable hostility toward *Ina's* mother and has openly displayed such hostility. For his part, he has agreed to discontinue such practices.

Each party agrees that the "mother-in-law" issue has not been fully resolved between them, but they agree that their marital relationship should have priority over the relationship between *Ina* and her mother.

(c) *Ina's* physical and mental condition is excellent, and there is no history of hereditary or mental diseases in the Jones family.

(d) During 1969 *Ina* had an illegal abortion under circumstances that have been fully disclosed to *Donald*. During *Ina's* senior year of high school she was suspended for three weeks after she and a group of fellow students were detained by juvenile authorities for the possession of marijuana cigarettes.

(e) There has been nothing in the past sex life of *Ina* that requires further disclosure. There are no sexual acts that are important to her or an essential part of the sex life contemplated by her that are not presently practiced by the parties. *Ina* has been able to express herself sexually in all the ways important to the parties, and such issues as frequency of intercourse, desire for periods of abstention, positions of intercourse, etc., have been explored to *Ina's* satisfaction.

(f) *Ina* is presently employed as an assistant interior decorator for Bon Marche Department Store, and her salary this past year was $6,300.

(g) There is no history of compulsive addiction to drugs, alcoholic beverages, or gambling.

ARTICLE III

Future Expectations

(a) *Donald* and *Ina* have discussed fully where they propose to reside during the course of their marriage. They agree that considerations relating to the location of their respective families should play no part in such determination. They agree their primary consideration shall be proximity to *Donald's* place of business. That factor should govern regardless of where *Ina* may be employed and regardless of whose earnings are greater.

(b) Neither party to this Memorandum holds any formal religious beliefs that should in any way interfere with the marriage. Neither insists on, or has even expressed any preference concerning, the other's adherence to any particular religious belief. Neither will, without the consent of the other,

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impose any religious belief upon any children of the marriage.

(c) It is the parties' present intention that *Ina* continue to work, health permitting, until such time as she may become pregnant. The parties have no exact intentions concerning the employment of *Ina* after the birth of any child or children, although *Ina* has expressed the feeling that simply caring for children would not be sufficiently stimulating to her. *Donald's* inclination at the present time is that he would prefer for *Ina* to discontinue any full-time employment if she had a child, but he would not insist upon it.

Both parties agree that any subsequent employment of *Ina* after the birth of a child should be such that it would permit her to spend reasonable periods of time with the child and that it should not entail any evening or weekend hours.

(d) Both *Donald* and *Ina* have expressed opposition to adultery. *Donald* has stated he would immediately divorce *Ina* if such an act occurred on her part, regardless of the circumstances. *Ina* has said that, although she does not wish to solicit such conduct on the part of *Donald*, nevertheless she is unable to determine her attitude toward adultery on *Donald's* part in advance of knowing what the circumstances might be. If the act were an isolated "meaningless" episode, *Ina's* opinion is that she would rather not know of it because she does not know how it would affect her relationship with *Donald*.

Both parties have agreed that in the event either engages in any serious or prolonged affair with anyone else, he or she is under an obligation to disclose that fact to the other.

Both *Donald* and *Ina* believe that their sex life together is sufficiently pleasurable and knowledgeable at present so that no serious adjustment need be made by either. *Ina* has expressed the belief that her sex life with *Donald* will become more pleasurable, and somewhat less tense, after marriage and after each party has had more "experience" with each other. She denied, however, having any apprehension concerning future sexual relations with *Donald*.

(e) The parties intend to have two or three children of their own. It is their desire to have such children sometime after the next two years, although the possibility of having a child prior to that time does not cause any particular anxiety in either of them. In the event *Ina* becomes accidentally pregnant, the parties' present inclination is to have such a child and not seek an abortion. Both parties feel, however, that any decision on abortion should be left entirely to the discretion of *Ina*.

(f) *Donald* and *Ina* have discussed and have rejected the following notions: marriage of limited duration, separate vacations, separate beds, divorce by reason of the physical incapacity of the other, divorce by reason of the inability of *Ina* to bear children.

(g) In the event *Ina* is unable to bear children, the parties are in conflict over whether or not to adopt a child. It would be *Ina's* desire under such circumstances to adopt, but it is *Donald's* strong feeling that he would not want to. Although the parties agree that this eventually would be of considerable importance to them, they feel it is better to leave resolution of the question of adoption undetermined prior to its arising.

ARTICLE IV

Future Support

(a) In the event that either party desires a separation (by mutual agreement or legal decree) or a divorce during the first five years of marriage, provided there is no surviving child born of the marriage, neither party will request support from the other unless he or she is in dire need thereof, and then only for such temporary periods as may be deemed necessary in accordance with Article VIII hereof.

Shouldn't couples agree on the terms of their own marriages—instead of later relying on the judge's interpretation?

(b) If either party desires to separate after the first five years of marriage or if, at the time of a request for separation during the first five years, a child of the marriage is alive, either party may request support, which shall be granted or denied by arbitration in accordance with Article VIII hereof. In determining whether or not to grant support and, if so, in what amount, the arbitrator shall consider the following: the length of the marriage, the number of children, their ages, the ages and health of the parties; the ability of *Ina* to work, the number of years that *Ina* has been unemployed, the reasons therefore, and *Ina's* realistic chances of being productively employed; the disparity between the parties' incomes and income-earning potentials; the amount of property to be divided between them in accordance with this agreement; the question of which party desires such separation or divorce and the reasons therefore; *Donald's* legal obligations to his former wife and to his son, *Michael*; and the parties' pre-separation standard of living, provided such standard was reasonable. No factor shall be conclusive, and the award of support, if any, should be such as to do substantial justice between the parties after consideration of all factors.

ARTICLE V

Division of Property

(a) *Donald* presently has a checking account at the First National Bank of Chicago, One First National Plaza, the present balance of which is $1,685.50. He maintains a savings account at the same bank, (Account No. 104F-003), the balance of which is $3,750.

(b) *Ina* presently has a checking account in her own name at the Continental National Bank and Trust Company, 231 South La Salle Street, the present balance of which is $385. She maintains a savings account at the same bank (Account No. 1A24-72), the present balance of which is $950.

(c) *Donald* owns four hundred shares of Great Western United Corporation, which is traded on the New York Stock Exchange, having a present value of approximately $4,000; he owns no other securities. *Donald* is also the owner of a 1970 Buick Riviera, on which $650 in installment obligations is presently due.

(d) *Ina* owns no securities and does not own an automobile.

(e) Neither party presently owns any real property.

ARTICLE VI

Future Ownership of Property

(a) *Donald* and *Ina* have agreed that all property now standing in the name of either shall continue to be held in the individual names of the parties owning such property.

(b) Upon the marriage of *Donald* and *Ina*, they will create a joint-checking account and a joint-savings account to which each shall contribute in the same proportion as their earnings shall bear to each other. In the event that either party decides to seek a separation or divorce within a period of thirty-six months from the date of their marriage or at any time prior to the birth of a child, the proceeds of such checking and savings accounts shall be divided in the same proportion in which such funds were contributed by the parties. If either party seeks a separation or divorce after the birth of a child or at the end of said thirty-six-month period, whichever is earlier, such proceeds shall be divided between the parties equally.

(c) In the event that *Ina* is unable to find employment or is involuntarily

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unemployed or is unable to work during a period of maternity or illness, her contributions to the joint funds during the period of such unemployment, illness, or maternity shall be deemed to have been made in direct proportion to the contributions previously made by her during the period immediately preceding such unemployment, illness, or maternity.

(d) All questions concerning the investment of the joint funds of *Donald* and *Ina* in securities or real estate shall be decided jointly by the parties, and the ownership and division of such real or personal property should be made in accordance with paragraphs (a) and (c) hereof.

(e) The parties do not contemplate a different division of property, real or personal, whether or not either or both may later be guilty of any marital misconduct as defined by the laws of the State of Illinois. Any property not held in accordance with the terms of this article by either of the parties shall be deemed to be held in trust for the other party, and no additional private or oral understanding between the parties concerning the division of property between them is to be deemed valid until agreed to in writing in accordance with paragraph (f) hereof.

(f) In the event that either *Donald* or *Ina* subsequently wishes to change the rules by which their property shall be divided, the party desiring such change shall notify the other in writing and by registered mail at least one hundred and twenty days prior to such proposed change. If the other party does not wish to make such change, he or she may notify the other party in writing within the one hundred and twenty days. The matter shall be resolved by arbitration in accordance with the terms of Article VIII hereof. In making a determination the arbitrator shall fully inquire into the facts and circumstances surrounding the reasons for the proposed change. No modification of existing financial arrangements shall be made if it is determined that a substantial reason for such proposed change is that the party seeking modification has the imminent expectation of coming into a sudden period of prosperity from which the other party is to be excluded. The arbitrator may consider such other factors as he wishes in order to do substantial justice between the parties, but he may not order that any modification of the rules by which the parties have agreed to divide the property be made retroactive to the period preceding the written request for modification.

ARTICLE VII

Matters of Estate

After thirty-six months of marriage each party agrees to leave the other at least 40 per cent of his or her entire estate, and each agrees to make no attempt to assign, transfer, or otherwise dispose of, without valuable consideration, any portion of his or her estate with the intention of depriving the other of the benefits of this agreement.

ARTICLE VIII

Arbitration

Any dispute that arises under the terms of this Memorandum shall be resolved in accordance with the rules and regulations then obtaining of the American Arbitration Association, and such arbitration shall be held in the City of Chicago, Cook County, State of Illinois, unless at the time of dispute both parties reside in some other state, in which event arbitration shall take place in that state.

ARTICLE IX

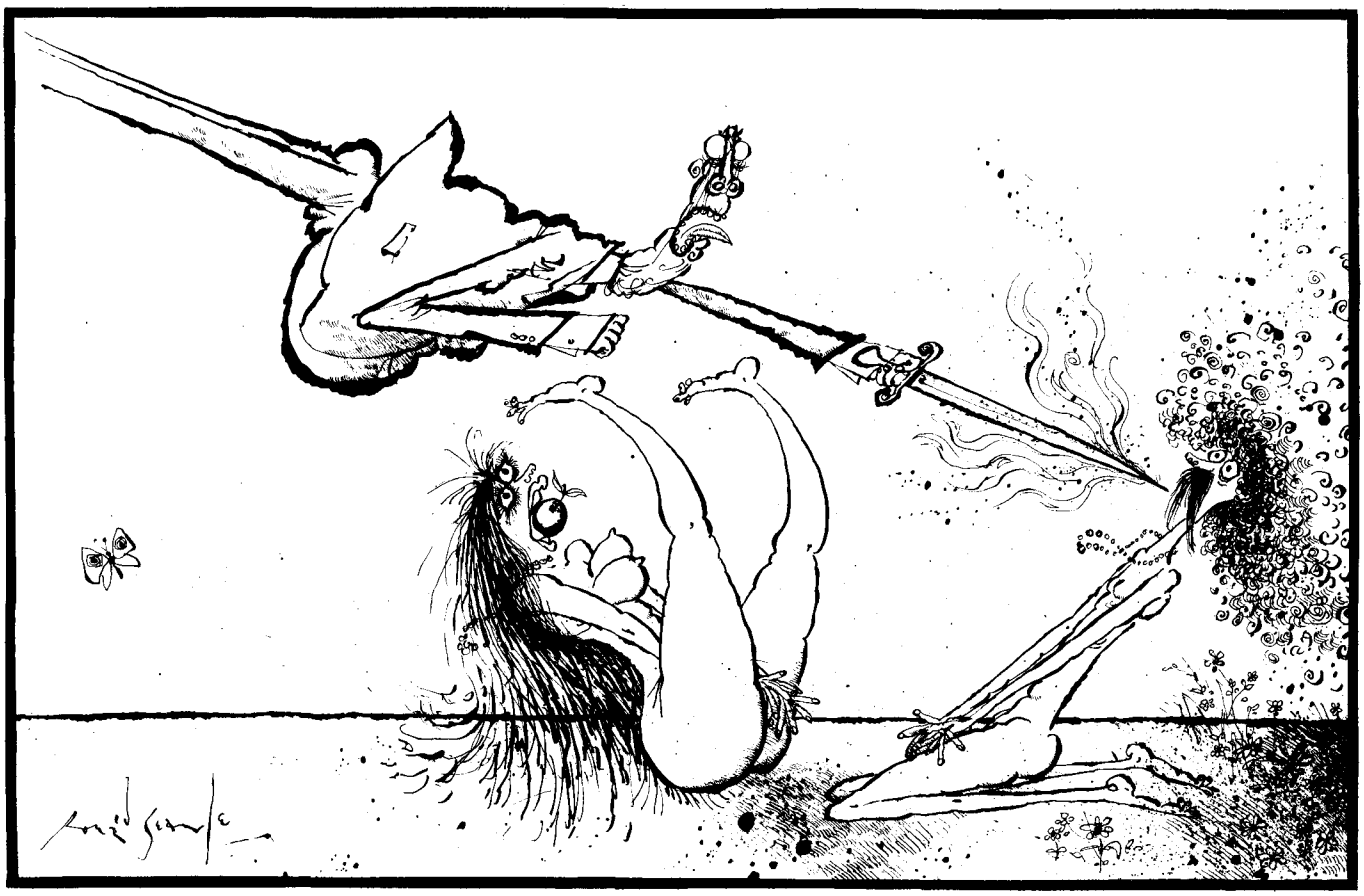
Modification

This Memorandum may not be changed or modified except in writing, signed by the party against whom such change or modification is sought.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have signed their hands and seals this 28th day of July, 1972.

Donald Brown

Ina Jones



Legislators seem to feel that marriages are not to be lightly discarded, even if they have been lightly contracted.

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THE COMING NIXON VICTORY

The President's new campaign manager forecasts a rout of the Democrats in November, with Nixon winning the support of such traditionally Democratic blocs as Jewish, Italian, Spanish, and even black voters.

BY CLARK MacGREGOR

The first Republican president, Abraham Lincoln, giving advice to his colleagues just before the 1840 election, summarized the kind of effort that has continued to be the keystone of political campaigns in the United States:

> Organize the whole state, so that every Whig can be brought to the polls. . . . Divide the counties into small districts, and appoint in each a subcommittee. . . . Make a perfect list of all the voters and ascertain with certainty for whom they will vote. . . . Keep a constant watch on the doubtful voters and have them talked to by those in whom they have the most confidence . . . and on election day see that every Whig is brought to the polls.

We are not urging the Nixon faithful to roam over the countryside ferreting out Whigs this year, but we are basing our campaign on the absolute necessity of assuring a maximum turnout for President Nixon this November, as he will be the nominee of a minority party in terms of voter registration.

The results of the Republican primaries earlier this year indicate that there is every prospect for a strong turnout for President Nixon within his own party. In those primary challenges the President was opposed by both more conservative and more liberal elements of the party. His two opponents raised various points of criticism, contributed to the political dialogue that is so important to our elective process, and provided options for those Republicans who wished to express dissatisfaction with President Nixon's policies and programs. And, as a number of commentators have noted in explaining what they considered to be surprising results in the Democratic primaries, the voters often think of primary elections as vehicles for the expression of dissatisfaction with their party leaders; they view the primaries as a mere prelude to that ultimate choice that they face in November, when they might well cast their votes differently.

In light of this aspect of voting in primary elections and the fact that the President had opposition from two distinctly different dissident groups, his consistently high vote demonstrates the large degree of support he enjoys within his party. His opponents' combined vote was highest in the smallest of the primary states—New Hampshire, where together they received 21 per cent. Thus Richard Nixon's 69 per cent share of the vote in his worst primary state compares favorably with Lyndon Johnson's 66 per cent share, when he was running for re-election in 1964, of *all* contested primary states (included are those states in which the name of President Johnson or a stand-in for him appeared on the ballot with at least one opposing candidate). Taking all eleven of the primaries this year in which the names of the President and his two opponents appeared on the ballot, President Nixon received more than *90 per cent* of the Republican vote.

The inescapable conclusion is, simply, that President Nixon has the overwhelming support of Republican voters and that, if we who are involved in his re-election campaign follow the advice of Abraham Lincoln and get Republicans to the polls, that support will be translated into votes.

However, as I observed earlier, the Republican party is a minority party; and to assure the President's re-election, he once again must attract the votes of substantial numbers of Democrats and independents, as he did four years ago.

That he is capable of doing so is evident. Two months ago public confidence in the President reached a two-year high point. According to a poll conducted at that time by George Gallup, 61 per cent of the American people approved of the way the President was handling his duties. Clearly, a very substantial portion of that 61 per cent must be Democrats and independents. President Nixon today speaks for and appeals to a broad range of Americans of all political affiliations.

In contrast, Senator McGovern's support is narrow, even within his own party. Six months ago the polls suggested that he might receive 3 per cent of the Democratic vote across the nation, and many viewed his candidacy as a kind of lost-cause protest. But his fortune rose dramatically, beginning with his showing in New Hampshire in early March, when he received 37 per cent to the 48 per cent received by Senator Edmund Muskie, who was campaigning in his own back yard and had strong regional appeal. In most of the primaries in which his name appeared on the ballot, Senator McGovern did increasingly well as the spring progressed: He chose his battlegrounds with some care. (His 6 per cent showing in Florida cannot reflect upon this aspect of his strategy as his name was automatically placed on the Florida ballot as a result of state law.)

Time and again, until California, Senator McGovern gained rapidly on his opponents in the last days of the primary campaigns—a strong indication that his much-praised grass-roots organization was, in fact, delivering an extra margin of votes not reflected in the pre-election polls. Yet it should be noted that in all of the contested preferential primaries that he entered Senator McGovern received only 23 per cent of the total vote.

Clark MacGregor, formerly a member of Congress and then the White House's chief of congressional relations, was named earlier this month to succeed John N. Mitchell as President Nixon's campaign manager.

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His rise, however, appeared all the more spectacular in contrast to the plummeting decline and demise of the Muskie candidacy. Without dwelling on the reasons for the failure of the man who had been the clear-cut front-runner, it might be observed that Senator Muskie relied heavily on traditional Democratic alliances with big-city mayors and labor leaders, on endorsements by Democratic officials, and on the organizations run by his party's "professionals." In short, he failed to develop the kind of grass-roots support that was necessary to prove himself in the primaries.

For the most part, the primary results reflect Senator McGovern's chief asset, one that we must assume he will improve upon in the weeks and months ahead: strong and effective local operations that get his supporters to the polls on election day. But for that asset to guarantee victory, a candidate's numerical strength must still be strong enough to overwhelm his opponents; that is to say, he must enjoy broad support in the electorate. And this is the flaw in the McGovern candidacy, as Senator Hubert Humphrey's primary campaign demonstrated.

In most of the Democratic primaries before California, the field of candidates was large, or disproportionate emphasis was placed on matters peripheral to the substantive issues. During this period political commentators were noting frequently and with some surprise that large numbers of McGovern voters were unaware of the policies and programs he espoused. They were attracted to him, according to the theory, because he was "a new face." But by the time the California campaign began in earnest, the field had narrowed to two major contenders, Senators Humphrey and McGovern (Governor George Wallace's name was not on the ballot), who then began to address themselves to those substantive issues. During the three televised debates conducted during the last ten days of the campaign, Senator Humphrey vigorously attacked his opponent's positions in several key fields in the belief that California Democrats would find them difficult to support.

A poll conducted by the Field organization five days before the primary gave Senator McGovern a 46 per cent to 26 per cent lead over Senator Humphrey. And there were a number of factors that could have been expected to enlarge that lead: the trend in the earlier primaries for Senator McGovern to finish stronger than preelection polls indicated, Senator McGovern's inroads into Humphrey support in the black community, the fact that the McGovern campaign exceeded Senator Humphrey's by more than two to one in radio and television spending, much of it concentrated in the last days of the campaign.

But when the votes were tabulated, that 20 per cent lead had not been increased; on the contrary, it had been reduced to only 5 per cent. In fact, the McGovern lead had deteriorated at the rate of 102,000 voters per day, and some observers argued that, had the election been held one week later, Senator Humphrey would have won. What occurred that last week was that Senator McGovern not only failed to gain any of the 13 per cent undecided vote but also lost support. This provided solid evidence that, when public attention focused on the McGovern positions, a very sizable segment of the Democratic electorate found him to be an unacceptable candidate.

Senator McGovern's weakness with rank-and-file Democrats was further illustrated by Governor Wallace's strong showings in most of the primaries in which his name appeared on the ballot and certainly in all of those states where he concentrated his campaign efforts. The governor's 42 per cent victory in Florida—twice that of his closest opponent—startled many observers, but the results were attributed to a heavy antibusing vote and were written off as to national significance. But the Wallace phenomenon repeated itself—in Wisconsin (22 per cent), Pennsylvania (21 per cent), Indiana (41 per cent), Tennessee (68 per cent), North Carolina (50 per cent), West Virginia (33 per cent), Michigan (51 per cent), Maryland (39 per cent), Oregon (20 per cent), New Mexico (27 per cent). In fact, Governor Wallace ran first in five primaries and second in six.

The Democrats are in disarray, yet Nixon still has a balancing act to perform.

Dismay at the extent of the governor's support led commentators to devise and promote the theory that the Wallace vote and the McGovern vote were grounded in the same "anti-Establishment" sentiment and that, therefore, much of the Wallace support could be expected to fall behind Senator McGovern. However, polls conducted for the *New York Times* cast grave doubt on that theory. Asked on election day for whom they would vote if Governor Wallace were not a candidate in the fall, two out of every three Wallace voters in both Florida and Pennsylvania said President Nixon. In Maryland four out of every five Wallace voters said they would vote for President Nixon in November.

Polls for the *Times* also indicated disaffection with Senator McGovern on the part of many Humphrey voters. In Florida 25 per cent of the Humphrey voters said they would prefer President Nixon to Senator McGovern in November. In Wisconsin the comparable figure was 29 per cent, in Pennsylvania 34 per cent, in Michigan 22 per cent, and in California 40 per cent. These results strongly suggest that, as of last spring, a clear majority of Wallace supporters and a significant number of Humphrey supporters found Senator McGovern unacceptable.

Whether such a defection of Humphrey and Wallace voters from the Democratic ticket will actually materialize in November is another question. There is the historical fact that a large portion of voters dissatisfied with their party's nominee nevertheless returns to the fold on election day. And, of course, the many Democrats who said a month or so ago that they would not support Senator McGovern in November were talking about the George McGovern of the primaries, seemingly a very different politician from the George McGovern of today.

Having guaranteed his nomination by espousing many extreme views during the primaries (amid a field of candidates who, for various reasons, were unable to mount consistently effective campaigns), Senator McGovern has been edging toward a more moderate stance, in some cases simply making his more extreme positions of the spring less specific and more obscure, in other cases, actually renouncing them. This, certainly, will induce many otherwise dissenting Democrats to unite behind him in the weeks and months ahead.

But this shift away from his original positions is likely to create substantial suspicion among his more radical followers, that is, in his actual political base. And certainly deep suspicion remains among traditional Democratic regulars. Many of them continue (privately, if not publicly) to view Senator McGovern as a serious danger to the future viability of their party. For example, they feel that the "reform" rules developed by a commission that he headed have created unnecessary disruption and friction in the party without eliminating the inequities of the past. Rather than drawing into party affairs representative numbers of ordinary Democrats, the new rules, they believe, have largely handed party machinery over to an ideologically narrow group.

At the same time that the "reform" rules were giving new leverage to this

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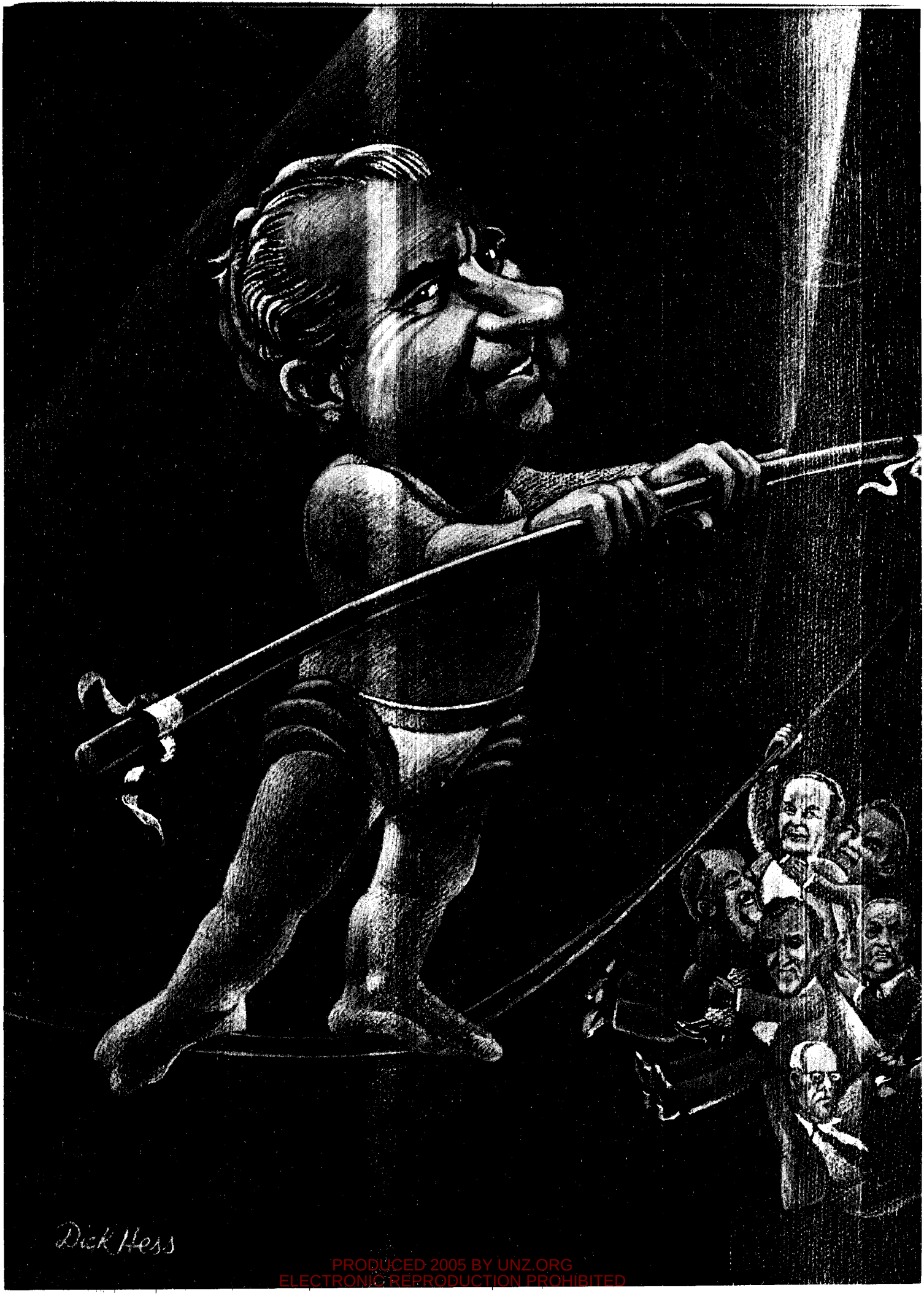

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fringe of the Democratic party, they were producing results that were curiously at odds with the goal of "democratizing" the nominee selection process. For example, Senator McGovern received 23 per cent of the total popular vote in all the contested preferential primaries, yet by mid-June he had garnered 46 per cent of the convention delegates. The ratios of popular vote to delegate strength of the other three leading contenders were far less disproportionate: Senator Humphrey, with 24 per cent of the popular vote and 15 per cent of the delegates; Governor Wallace, with 25 per cent and 21 per cent; Senator Muskie, with 12 per cent and 8 per cent. Furthermore, if one considers only the eleven primaries in which the names of each of these candidates were on the ballot, the discrepancy between Senator McGovern's popular vote and ultimate delegate strength is even more apparent. Of the votes cast by Democrats in those states, he received 25 per cent compared with 21 per cent for Senator Humphrey and 33 per cent for George Wallace.

Such results must reinforce the conviction of many thinking Democrats that the McGovern nomination is something of an aberration in the pattern of their party's history and that it is an occurrence that will pass, they hope, without doing permanent harm to the party's long-term prospects.

Now let us turn to the far happier circumstances of President Nixon's reelection campaign. The President's actual campaign activities will be limited because of the duties of his office. But we are basing our campaign primarily on Richard Nixon's record of accomplishment as President, and, as he pursues the responsibilities of the presidency through the summer and fall, I am confident that he will continue to enhance that already outstanding record. That will be ample contribution to our campaign effort. Before considering that record, I would like to address myself to several myths that have too often been accepted as fact.

It is said that President Nixon is weak among young people and minority and ethnic groups. It is true that among the most vocal college students —those who engage in activities, often illegal, that place them in the news— the President may well have marginal support. Among the vast majority, I believe, he has substantial support. A Campus Opinion poll last month indicated that, while only 17 per cent of the college students surveyed said the President was doing a poor job, 41 per cent said he was doing a good or very good job. And it should be noted that only one-fifth of the voters between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five attend college. The other 80 per cent, I suspect,

"The 'reform' rules have given new leverage to a fringe of the Democratic party," says the author.

identify themselves less as "youth" than as working men and women. In short, they consider themselves to be ordinary American people who have the same interest in sound leadership and responsive government as do Americans who are thirty or forty, eighty or ninety years old.

As for minority and ethnic groups, the Republican party has, historically, been weak among a number of them. This pattern is changing rapidly. Without belaboring the point, I will predict that President Nixon will receive a higher percentage of the black vote than any Republican has in the last quarter of a century. He may not have the support of those black leaders whose political positions are maintained only by irresponsible attacks and unrealistic promises, but he will have the support of the many thousands of blacks across the country who know that a better life for both blacks and whites depends upon solid progress. He will have the support of those who recognize that the Nixon administration, through proposals for welfare reform, through support of black-owned business enterprises, through ambitious housing programs, and in a number of other ways, has sought to help American blacks achieve that kind of genuine progress that makes it possible for growing numbers of them to become self-sufficient, constructive participants in society.

Many voters whom the Democrats have taken for granted historically because they were Italian-Americans or Spanish-speaking Americans are making it clear that they no longer think of themselves as members of a political bloc to be regularly delivered at the polls for the benefit of any Democrats who happen to be on the ballot. We will do well with these voters. Similarly, there is every prospect that we will make very considerable inroads among Jewish voters, whom the Democrats have regarded with a proprietary interest for far too long. In this we will be aided to no small degree by Senator McGovern's irresponsible statements, votes, and positions, which, if followed, would jeopardize the delicate balance of power in the Middle East and endanger the security and strength of Israel, in whose destiny so many Americans have an abiding concern.

Thus, it would appear that many of the presumed political weaknesses of the President are not, in fact, weaknesses at all or are of minimal import. His strengths going into this campaign, on the other hand, are great. These strengths are grounded, as they should be, in the record he has compiled during his first term in office.

Upon entering the White House in January of 1969, President Nixon inherited a legacy of the failures of his Democratic party predecessors, the most pressing of which was, of course, the war in Vietnam. There a record number of American troops—almost 550,000—had been committed to the hopeless task of bolstering an ally with massive ground support in what was essentially a guerrilla war. He recognized this as America's pre-eminent problem, and today, as a result of the Vietnamization program, the South Vietnamese are stronger than ever before, our ground combat commitment has ended, and we are continuing with renewed vigor in seeking a negotiated settlement.

The actions that the President was forced to take this past spring to counter the massive invasion by the North Vietnamese were met with predictable expressions of outrage by his critics, who proclaimed that those actions would be militarily ineffective and would lead to major confrontations with the Soviet Union and China. They looked forward, too, to a substantial negative reaction to those actions on the part of the American people. The results only confirm once again the extent to which those critics, in their zeal, have isolated themselves from the realities of the world. The increased bombing and the mining of the harbors have yielded tangible military benefits. Criticism from Communist nations has been muted, and the Moscow summit proceeded on schedule and with striking success. The American people, according to various independent polling organizations, stood behind the President with support ranging from 60 to 80 per cent.

Our disengagement from the conflict in Vietnam will continue; the South Vietnamese will grow stronger with the continuation of the Vietnamization program; the first real progress in more than a decade will be made toward achieving a cease-fire; and Vietnam will not be a significant issue in the election this fall, much to the discomfiture of Senator McGovern, whose criticisms of administration policies have grown more irresponsible as the wisdom of those policies has become more apparent.

The other major issue on which the Democrats expected to find us vulnerable this year is the economy, primarily inflation and unemployment. Here,

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again, the Nixon record is solid. Although disengagement from Vietnam and the tapering off of military expenditures—the shift from a wartime economy to a peacetime economy—has resulted in an unusual influx into the labor market, at the end of the first quarter of this year a record number of jobs existed across the country: more than eighty-one million, some four million more than existed when President Nixon took office. And unemployment among heads of households was down to approximately 3.6 per cent.* This figure is still too high, and increased job opportunities must be found for the teen-agers and married women who want them. Still, the fact remains that President Nixon's policies are working.

As to inflation, at the beginning of the President's first term, the annual rate was 6 per cent. By the middle of last year, it had been reduced to 3.8 per cent. Even so, the President recognized that his policies were not working fast enough, and, with his capacity to adapt to new situations—a capacity that has confounded his Democratic critics—the President last August announced his New Economic Policy. Since that time, the annual rate of inflation has been only 2.8 per cent. This progress has not been easily won: The seeds of inflation had been sown and nurtured by eight years of mismanagement. But real progress has been made and will continue to be made.

Do young voters oppose Nixon? A recent poll shows that 41 per cent believe he is doing a good or very good job.

On other crucial domestic matters this administration has moved with imagination and responsibility, but the Democratic Congress has failed to match that leadership. It has failed to enact the President's comprehensive Social Security and Welfare Reform Assistance Plan, which would overhaul our outdated and destructive welfare system. It has failed to enact his proposals for reorganization of the federal government, which would make the federal bureaucracy more responsive to every American. It has failed to enact his proposals for federal revenue sharing, which would help to meet the soaring financial burdens of local and state governments. As David Broder, the *Washington Post*'s syndicated columnist, observed last month:

> In any fair accounting for the paralysis on the domestic front, the Democrats who control the Congress must take the lion's share of the blame. . . .
>
> Contrasted with the openings Mr. Nixon has made in the areas of foreign policy where he does not have to wait for Congress to come plodding along, there is real question as to which party can honestly claim to be the party of change.
>
> Where is the Democrats' domestic equivalent of the Nixon "Open Door" China policy? Where is there a law passed by the Democratic Congress in the past four years that rivals in significance the Strategic Arms Treaty Mr. Nixon negotiated in Moscow?
>
> These are questions the voters will be asking when the rhetoric of the presidential campaign is measured against the record.

As Mr. Broder's remarks suggest, the President's leadership in international affairs has been striking, a leadership that must inspire in many thoughtful Democrats admiration for its scope and imaginativeness and embarrassment at the realization that some of their colleagues attack it for purposes of partisan politics. The Nixon record is one of realistic adjustment to the fact that the United States today cannot and should not play the role of world policeman. That may have been a proper, even necessary, role in the years immediately following World War II, but it has long since become an outdated role. As the key to the first major re-examination of our place in the international community since the 1940s, the President sought to establish new and realistic relations with the major world powers. His trips to Peking and Moscow, viewed in an historic context, were tremendous diplomatic achievements. And the results of these initiatives are already observable in quite tangible forms, notably the series of agreements worked out with the Soviet Union and, most especially, the agreement to limit the nuclear arms race.

Taken in its entirety, the Nixon record is a remarkable one. It contrasts sharply with Senator McGovern's record—or the lack of a McGovern record. After his fifteen years in Congress his public image is based less on legislative accomplishment than on the advocacy of extreme positions that have garnered headlines and TV coverage.

And the Nixon record contrasts even more sharply with the record of Senator McGovern's proposals. Despite his current back-treading, that latter record includes the proposals he made last spring when he was attempting to pre-empt the most liberal positions among the Democratic contenders. It includes his proposal to reduce this nation's defense capability by $32 billion —by well over one-third—a proposal reflective of that neo-isolationism that would have us abandon our responsibilities in the international community, create a void in the intricate balance of world power, and invite military adventures by less responsible nations. And Senator McGovern's record of domestic proposals includes contradictory welfare and tax plans, the arithmetic of which has confounded most analysts outside the McGovern campaign.

But as Senator McGovern—in a moment of unusual candor—said last month, most of his adherents do not care about what his proposals would cost; they just want to hear that things will change. Perhaps the voters whose support he seeks are that unthinking, that shortsighted. But the vast majority of the American people are not, and that is what ensures the President's re-election.

Earlier I mentioned the recent Gallup poll that indicated that 61 per cent of the American people approved of the way in which the President was handling his duties. At the same time, he enjoyed a 53 per cent to 34 per cent lead over Senator McGovern in a test vote.

These figures, in my opinion, demonstrate the real strength of President Nixon. They reflect the depth and breadth of his support in all age groups, in all ethnic groups, in fact, throughout the electorate. The President's base of support has been characterized as Middle America, and I believe that is a sound characterization. In 1968 that base delivered President Nixon 56 per cent of the electoral vote, compared with 35.5 per cent for Senator Humphrey and 8.5 per cent for Governor Wallace. This year there is every reason to believe that this margin will be even greater.

We who are working for his re-election must be mindful, however, of the facts that an incumbent's lead diminishes as a campaign moves toward election day and that we must win the votes of many thousands of Democrats and independents. We will not take any opponent for granted. But if we do our job of presenting President Nixon's record to the voters and then getting them to the polls, he will win a decisive mandate for another four years, working as President for peace, prosperity, and progress. □

*It might be noted that, in spite of the influx of job seekers due to our conversion to a peacetime economy, the overall unemployment figure of 5.9 per cent last May is only slightly greater than the average of almost 5.8 per cent during the first of the two preceding Democratic administrations, that is, during the four years preceding the build-up in Vietnam. Certainly, we would all agree that war is too high a price to pay to bring unemployment below 5 per cent.

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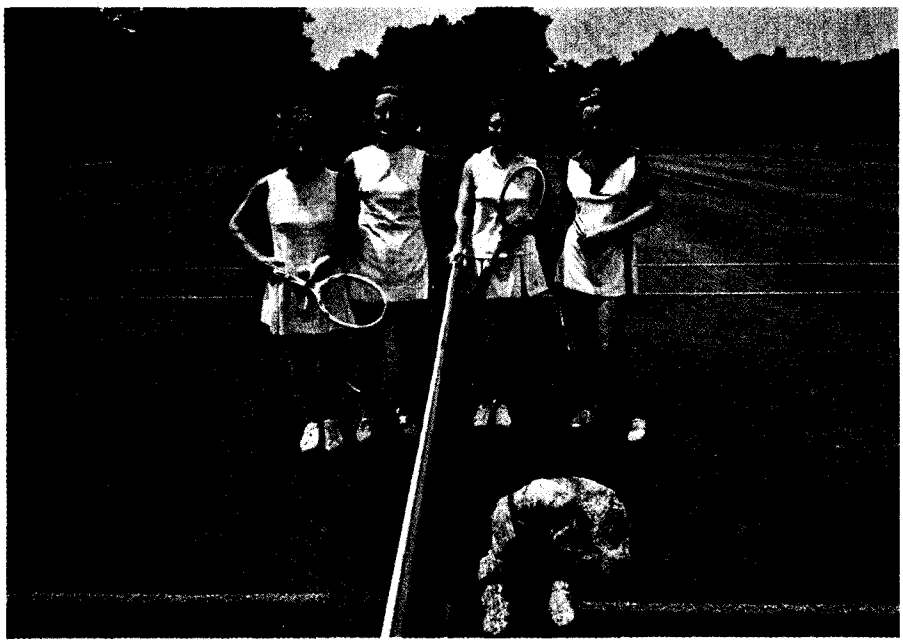
BY SOPHY BURNHAM

TENNIS: A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME

A genteel pastime of the few has been adopted by the many. How come?



Doubles players and friend pose on a grass court at the Rockaway Hunting Club, where the spirit of tennis past is preserved and cherished. Opposite is a newcomer to the recently democratized sport, swinging at an indoor court in New Jersey.

Do you remember the soft, long summer evenings when pock . . . pock . . . pock—the slow sound of a tennis game—floated across the rolling lawns? Pock . . . . . pock. The sound hung suspended on the air, a languid summer cadence suggesting an eternity of mint grass and mint juleps. For the players, the ball would grow less and less distinct as dusk fell, until it was barely visible against the dark clay; and as they came off the courts, their deep voices rumbling, the players were hazy, white shapes in the darkness.

Well, it's a whole new ball game today. Tennis has become democratized, professionalized, cheap, year-round, all-weather, all-hours—and, to all appearances, the nation's fastest-growing sport.

The game has not exactly supplanted bowling yet, but there are estimated to be as many as 11.5 million tennis players in the United States right now—nearly double the number who took to the courts ten years ago. This species of genteel athleticism has become a growth industry—already doing 400 million dollars' worth of business a year, if you count clothing, racquets, tennis camps, courts, maintenance personnel, teaching pros, and the like. So great is the growth that manufacturers of some tennis equipment find themselves unable to keep up with the demand, and of late there have been actual local shortages of tennis balls.

Tennis courts meantime are becoming more and more plentiful, at the rate of fourteen new courts a day. In parts of the United States such as California, Florida, and Texas, where weather permits year-round outdoor play, tennis courts have become as much a part of public recreation facilities as playgrounds or softball fields. Some communities have even begun to provide night lights on their courts—to satisfy a craving that seems to gnaw even after the sun goes down. Most of the new tennis is still outdoors, but tennis is becoming increasingly an indoor sport as well. The country has more than 400 indoor facilities now, and the number is growing at the rate of about two new facilities a week.

As the game has spread, the character of the game—and of the players who play it—has changed, reflecting an underlying shift, you could almost say, in the sociology of tennis. It used to be that tennis was the sport of the rich and only of the rich. It once was literally the sport of kings; Louis X died in 1316 of a chill contracted after he had played an early form of tennis. Modern tennis itself came to the United States—appropriately, one feels—from Great Britain by way of Bermuda. The heart of one Miss Mary Outerbridge leaped at seeing some handsome British officers playing tennis in Bermuda, and she introduced the game to the smart set of Staten Island in 1874. The game then was played on an hourglass-shaped court with nets five feet high. Ten years later the nets had been lowered, rules and balls standardized, seven Wimbledon tournaments held, and the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association formed, and the artists of *Harper's Weekly* were regularly sketching women dressed in long, white skirts serving underhand to trousered men.

All exceedingly genteel, indeed, and, I might add, gentile, too. And in some affluent corners today the sport preserves very much the same characteristics. The very rich, of course, are different from you and me, and often confine their tennis to courts on their own estates.

The country club remains the principal redoubt of the more gregarious among the more genteel tennis players. The Rockaway Hunting Club is one such citadel, a WASP enclave on the south shore of Long Island, barely beyond the vulgar grasp of the New York City borough of Queens. I visited the club the other day. On the clubhouse walls hang shooting prints by A. B. Frost, and in the walnut-paneled TV room a fox head is mounted over the fireplace above crossed hunting whips. Ancient memorabilia—there has been no fox hunting at the Rockaway Hunting Club since 1898. The members plaque lists names such as Griswold, Harper, Burr, and Livingston. The club has twenty-six grass courts—once the standard surface for polite play, but now nearly as extinct as fox hunting—and seven clay ones. Here the boom in tennis is only modestly reflected—in a request that children play on the clay courts only and that on weekends members play doubles if the courts are crowded. Just

Sophy Burnham is a freelance writer and author of *The Art Crowd*, to be published in January. A teen-aged dropout from the courts, she recently took up tennis again.

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a few towheaded children are, in fact, playing on the midday of my visit. A twelve-year-old girl in a $25 Lacoste tennis dress hits hard and true against an instructor. She has been at it since she was six.

What the few have, many want, observed Alexis de Tocqueville in his famous study of American democracy. And elite origins may be the scent that has awakened the appetite of the many, who now want very desperately, they find, to bash little fuzzy balls back and forth at each other across a net. Thus, according to a recent Neilsen survey, the income of the average tennis player has dropped from $15,000 a few years ago to $10,000. The survey also found that tennis has become largely an urban and suburban sport—often played far from the manicured lawns of country clubs. Tennis clinics have even come to Harlem. While the coincidence is probably only coincidental, the genteel whiteness of tennis togs has also given way in the last couple of years to a variety of interestingly colored court clothes—particularly among professional players and the defiant young. (Yet, ironically, many of the newer, less well-heeled players seem to be even more dedicated to white attire than do veteran players, and tennis's *arrivés* are often offended by other hues of courtwear.)

"Look, tennis is the poor man's sport," explains a short, stocky, aggressive, forty-seven-year-old Ohioan, as he leans over a railing beside the tennis courts at the Concord Hotel in the Catskills. The Concord has 1,000 rooms, three golf courses, thirteen outdoor courts, and, newly installed, four courts indoors. The spirit of tennis present is somehow epitomized, or perhaps caricatured here. It is not exactly the spirit of the poor at play, but then it is a far cry from the Rockaway Hunting Club and the *Harper's* demoiselles. The Concord courts boast ball-pitching machines for practicing and a videotape recorder for making perfect; the videotape allows players to see themselves as others see them and to pick out those little, hard-to-correct grotesqueries that mar their games. The hotel's indoor courts are open twenty-four hours a day.

Herbert L. Jacobs, the man at the Concord with whom I was speaking, told me he has played for thirty years. He now plays four or five times a week. So he figures he pretty well understands the economics of tennis. "Look, it's cheap," he says. "What's it cost you? Five hundred dollars a year? Something. I belong to Racquet Club East. That's fifty dollars a year. You play doubles for thirty-five weeks at three dollars an hour apiece. That's one hundred and five dollars. So you play three or four times a week. Three hundred and fifteen dollars. You can add. Then you're invited to fill in on other games. So twenty or twenty-five per cent of the time you play for nothing. We have a system. You split the cost of balls. A can costs two dollars. So we split it. Sixty cents each. You each get a ball. Or I have a friend who gets five dozen balls wholesale each year. We split them up. Twelve dollars for a whole season."

"A poor man's sport" may be overstating the evolution of this rich man's sport. Some commercial centers charge upwards of $30 an hour per court, and chic attire and equipment can run into the hundreds of dollars, especially with tennis beginning to achieve in its accouterments some of the built-in obsolescence of other American pastimes, such as skiing. Of course, public courts are free or relatively cheap but not always freely available for playing on. In Houston the public courts have become so overtaxed by the tennis boom that players must now appear in person a full week before they want to play in order to sign up for their hour on the court. What the poor or parsimonious player may save in money, he can easily spend in time and inconvenience.

Why has America discovered in its bosom this surging urge to play tennis at any price? A concatenation of factors is at work, interacting, so that some are as much effect as cause. To begin with, de Tocqueville may have hit upon the fundamental cause—that in a relatively egalitarian society such as ours the middle class is always straining to ape the ways of the remaining aristocracy. Another, more immediate, cause must be the blossoming and glamorizing of tennis as a spectator sport. As something to watch, tennis has always had a certain ardent following who could cite double faults as faithfully as baseball fans could errors and batting averages. The likes of Helen Wills Moody, Bill Tilden, Don Budge, and "Little Mo" Connolly were their heroes. But it has been only in the last few years that those most mass of media, money and television, have dramatically stepped up interest and increased the number of fans. Professional players vied for more than $3 million in prize money last year, including top prizes of up to $50,000. Rod Laver earned $292,717 in 1971, which is more than the amount won by golf's number-one winner, Jack Nicklaus. Tennis matches now appear on prime-time television, just like football, and its principal players grace magazine covers. Billie Jean King and Ken Rosewall may not exactly be household words in most American households, but it's a safe bet that they are known by many more Americans than were the most famous of their predecessors a decade ago.

The technology of tennis has also undoubtedly contributed to its popularity by making the game more playable. Unlike grass or clay, the newer asphalt-based surfaces are usable within an hour after the rain stops, and the new indoor courts make tennis an any-weather, any-season sport. It is the growth of the indoor courts that Gladys Heldman, publisher of *World Tennis* magazine, points to as a major contributor to, as well as reflection of, the sport's popularity.

She's unquestionably right. Indoor courts are springing up in cities and suburbs all around the country. Sixteen indoor facilities with forty new courts are under construction in Chicago alone this summer. They will bring the number of indoor courts to 140 by October. In the early 1960s the handful of indoor courts that existed nationwide were drab, ugly sheds with poor lighting. Today many are places like the Valley View Racquet Club in Northvale, New Jersey, where, just down the road from the A&P, McDonald's golden spans, and St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church ("Bingo every Saturday night") and opposite American Legion Post No. 396, you can play in air-conditioned, climate-controlled splendor. The half-million-dollar facility is adjacent to a thirty-eight-lane bowling alley, constructed ten years ago when bowling was big. It features at $8 to $14 an hour babysitting, saunas, lounges, coffee, free towels and toiletries, a pro shop, and a champion, Althea Gibson, as teaching pro. Valley View, with no view and no valley, opened a few weeks ago. It anticipates the same kind of healthy profit that overtook Paul Rork's Tennis Center, a few miles away, which opened to 50 per cent occupancy in 1963 and is now turning people away. One of his clients, Rork tells me, is so hooked on the game that he flew down to Winston-Salem recently for acupuncture treatment of his tennis elbow.

What of other, perhaps deeper, explanations for the tennis boom? I took

Pausing between games are two weekenders at the Concord Hotel in the Catskills, which has added new courts recently, and offers ball-pitching machines and a videotape recorder as teaching aids. Beneath is a member of the growing ranks of urban players, at public courts on Manhattan's Lower East Side, within the traffic roar's reach of a bridge to Brooklyn.

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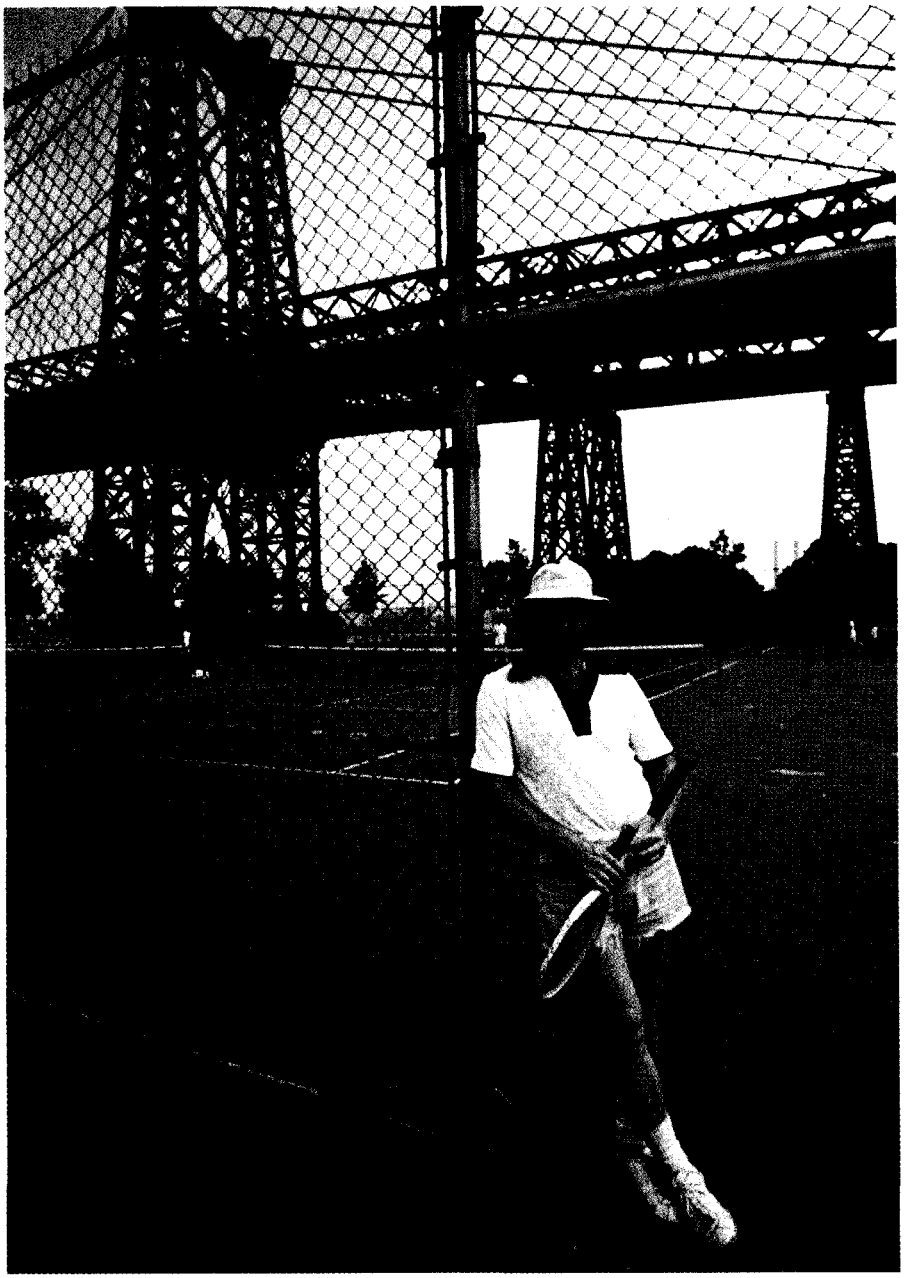

a small sampling of opinion at the tennis clubs and commercial facilities I visited. Herbert Jacobs at the Concord: "It's competitive. Democratic. There's no handicap, like in golf. You're right out there with the ball." Betty Kesseler at Rork's, who joined a New Jersey tennis clinic a month ago: "We go for family sports. Like our whole family goes skiing. So this is something we can do together. My husband fixed us up something across the driveway [her friend nods agreement], a rope [nod] to practice on [nod]."

Attorney Alan Ornstein at Gracie Tennis, an indoor "bubble" on Manhattan's Upper East Side, sees tennis as a compact urban exercise, simple and fast. A man leaves the office, plays an hour, returns. Ornstein sees tennis also as a social sport, in which friends can gather to talk. Apparently, sociability is part of the appeal. This winter I was playing on the carpeted indoor courts at Gracie Tennis, and there on the next court were four women, who were paying $25 to dress in white and stand at the net for an hour talking. Occasionally they would walk, tails tucked under them, toes out, to the base line and bang the ball at each other before plopping it into the net. They wore nylons under their tennis whites.

Growing affluence and increased leisure time have undoubtedly contributed to the tennis boom. But these clichés of pop sociology do not apply very neatly to the game's upsurge at a time of economic downturn, especially as the game's ranks are populated more and more by less affluent players. Tennis, indeed, is no longer the sport of kings so much as the sport of paradoxes. It is full of contradictions. It can be fiercely, bitterly aggressive and competitive, yet, in B. F. Skinner's aggression-free utopia, Walden Two, it is the only competitive sport encouraged —because the "exercise of skill is as important as the outcome of the game." It is reminiscent of an elite, yet so cheap you need only a racquet, sneakers, and a ball to play on a public court. It is a game prized by some for the sun and air that come along with it, and yet more and more it is played indoors on windless, sunless, climate-controlled courts.

No matter. Tennis's time has come, and, as the game has boomed, it seems to have achieved a kind of rare, ultimate democracy—remaining a rich man's thing for the rich, while becoming a popular one for the people. The rich, happily, have shown no signs of resenting the vulgar encroachment on their once private preserve. One "Older Member" I talked to seemed, in fact, reassured. "It would appear to me," he said, "that, if so many people are playing tennis, the country is not in such terrible trouble after all." □

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN SNYDER

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PROFILE OF AN ALIENATED VOTER

"I tell you one thing," says Chicago construction worker Mike Stolarczyk, "there are gonna be a lot of surprised politicians around here before the year is out."

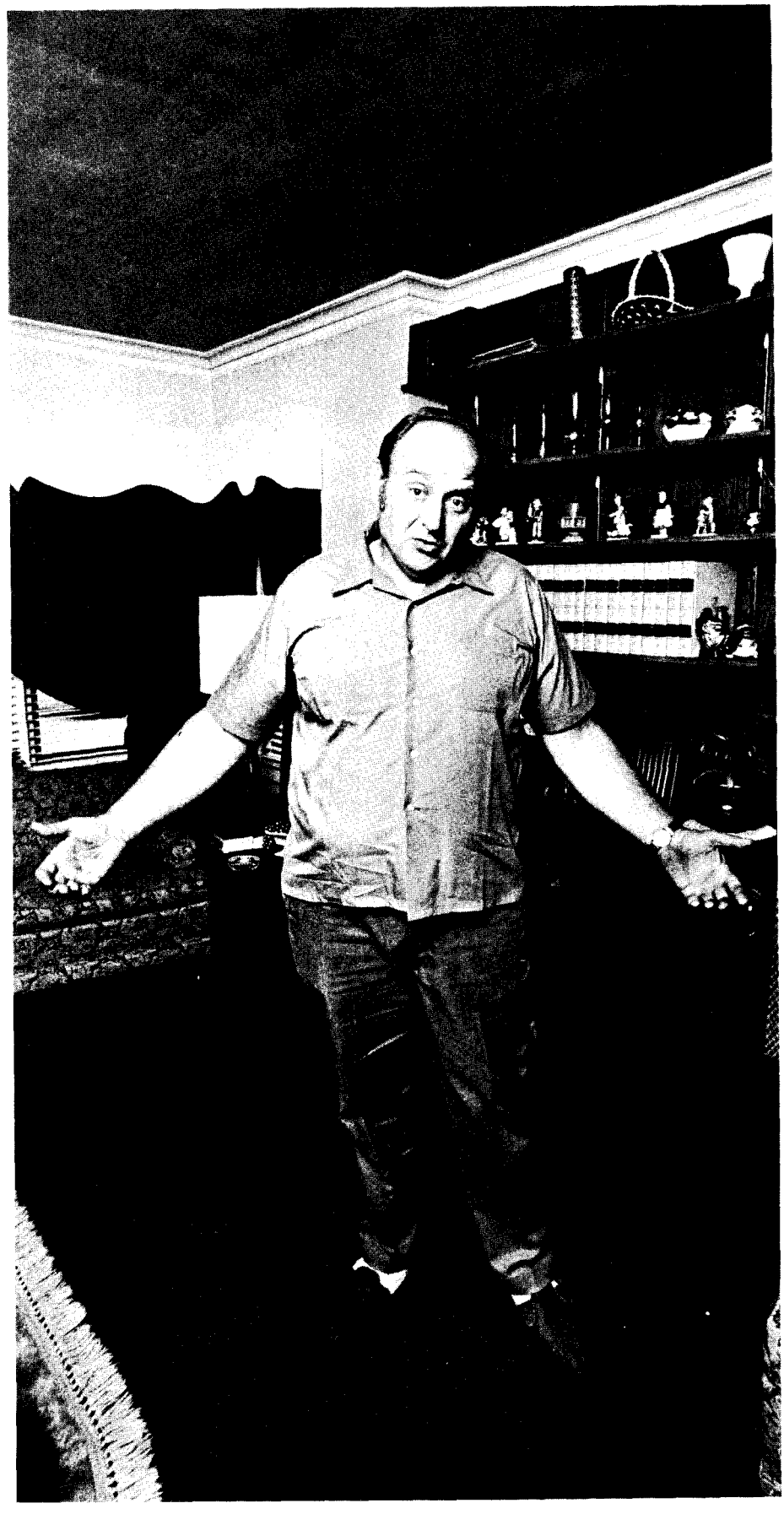
BY WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

On a series of hot summer evenings four years ago, a burly Chicago construction worker named Mike Stolarczyk watched the Democratic convention riots on television, and the more he watched, the angrier he grew. "Those *hippies*," he says today, the disgust still thick in his voice as he thinks back, "I saw what they were doin', and I felt they were all wrong." So Mike quit watching television; he rarely watches it today. "I'd go out into the back yard and work in the garden. Pickin' weeds. Until almost midnight." This summer Mike is angrier than ever, but not at the hippies. He's mad at what they were mad at: the politicians and the way they respond to the people's demands. "Those kids," he says now, "they were tryin' to tell us something, to get a message across. The thing is, they *could've* done it a little differently."

This year Mike Stolarczyk tried to do it a little differently. In the Illinois Democratic primary last spring, he voted for two totally contrasting candidates, mainly because they were not supported by the Daley machine—Dan Walker, a liberal independent running for governor, and Edward Hanrahan, Illinois's incumbent right-wing state's attorney. Both men won, largely with the help of neighborhoods like Mike's, a predominantly ethnic, Roman Catholic area on the city's Northwest Side, where voting against the machine had always been considered comparable to denying the Virgin Birth, and politics, like religion, was an act more of faith than of judgment.

Anti-Establishment voting was a trend that recurred in primaries across the country. In Texas twenty-eight incumbents supported by the long-unchallenged Democratic machine lost seats in the state legislature. In New

William Barry Furlong, a freelance writer based in Chicago, writes frequently on topics of social and political import.



"We're just lookin' for honest politicians to replace the ones we got," Mike says.

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York the machine-backed independent slates won only a small fraction of the 278 delegates to the Democratic convention. And on the national level, George McGovern and George Wallace both prospered by speaking out against the political establishment, while the two middle-of-the-road candidates, Hubert Humphrey and Edmund Muskie, sometimes seemed to have received more endorsements from the professional politicians than votes from the electorate. The whole phenomenon seemed accurately, if a bit whimsically, summarized by the results of a recent public opinion sampling taken by university psychologists, which revealed that politicians ranked nineteenth in public trust on a list of twenty major occupations—slightly ahead of used-car salesmen.

Such deep-rooted distrust of politicians suggests the basic distinction between the alienated voter of the neighborhoods today and the alienated students on college campuses in the 1960s. People like Mike Stolarczyk are not trying to change The System so much as they are trying to change the politicians who exploit it. "We're not against everything," Mike explains. "We're just lookin' for honest politicians to replace the ones we got." The feeling is widespread that politicians as a group, just as much as the big businessmen of the past, represent the new "exploiter class," that in pursuit of their own power and wealth they threaten the homes, the economic well-being, even the personal dreams for betterment of the "little" man—and that they do it all in the name of "progress" and the "good of society." And, worse yet, for a long time there seemed to be no recourse against the marauding politicians. They had once provided a check on big business, but who could check the checkers? The significance of the primary vote this year—and its chief portent for the election in November—is that the blue-collar worker has evidently decided that he can hold the politicians accountable to his wishes through the ballot. Mike Stolarczyk has become as sophisticated and cynical about politics as any campus radical—and a lot more effective. "The politicians, they think we got to come crawling to *them*. They think the people are here to do them favors. Well, I tell you one thing, there are gonna be a lot of surprised politicians around here before the year is out."

Mike was sitting in his stocking feet in his kitchen. The living room, with its rich colors and warm woods, was too formal and too dim, the darkness broken only by the pilot light of the dehumidifier sweeping out the musk-smell of a rain-swept summer. He's a big man, six-foot-two and 265 pounds, with a spreading paunch and the thick, stubby fingers of a man who works with his hands. At forty-three, the broad planes of his face are beginning to turn fleshy, and he walks with a rolling gait, as if his feet hurt. He works as a "floor man," laying tiles and carpets and linoleum in Chicago's high-rises, making $7.65 an hour. ("No sick pay, no vacation pay, no holiday pay. You don't work, you don't get paid.") That adds up to about $300 a week. "Not take-home pay," Mike is quick to add. "Taxes, social security, hospitalization—I figure they got $120 of it before you get home." The recent recession hasn't hurt him particularly, but he does feel pinched: there's tuition for his three young daughters at St. Bartholomew's grade school, the upkeep on the two run-down station wagons he and his wife drive, improvements around the house. "I just can't save," he complains. "You work all week, and you come home, and it's all gone."

Home is a two-flat his father bought fifteen years ago, with a tiny back yard where Mike has put in a charcoal grill and a plastic swimming pool for the kids. He has done all the work around the house himself: enclosing an open porch to make a playroom, putting in kitchen cabinets and a new bathroom sink, wallpapering, even laying down a carpet in the kitchen for his wife. The other houses on Newport Street are much like Mike's, brick two-flats with fresh white tuck pointing and wood-frame bungalows with small, carefully tended lawns and aluminum-rimmed windows that gleam in the sun. His neighbors are Poles and Germans and Italians and Irish, people who, like Mike himself, live a few blocks from where they were born. It is still a close-knit neighborhood, although not as close as it was years ago, according to Mike, when "everybody sat out on the front porch or in the back yard, and you could stop and talk because you knew them all."

It was Mike's feeling for his home and neighborhood that led to his first lesson in politics. A Chinese elm tree outside his house badly needed trimming. Since it stood on the thin strip of lawn between the sidewalk and the street, the tree was a public responsibility. "I called the alderman," Mike remembers. "I called City Hall. I called the precinct captain. They did nothin'. For three years, they did nothin'." Mike got the message: He wasn't important enough for them to care about. So before a primary ten years ago, Mike told the Republican precinct captain that he would vote Republican if the captain got the tree trimmed. Two days later the job was done, and, on the following Tuesday, Mike walked into the polling place and asked for a Republican ballot for the first time in his life.

It did not occur to Mike Stolarczyk that this was political activism of a most basic kind. He is not an ideologue; he has voted for Adlai Stevenson *and* Richard Nixon for President. And in those years the day-to-day outrages of Illinois politics were merely annoying. On one election day, for example, Mike went into the polling place after work and was told that he had already voted. He argued that he hadn't, and the election officials reluctantly gave a quick glance at the voter register, where some of the names in the Democratic column, including his own, had been checked off in pencil and others in ink. Mike wondered how many other people the machine had voted for that day.

Corruption in government bothered Mike Stolarczyk and helped shape his image of politicians, but his real concerns were closer to home—the cracks in the sidewalk and the potholes down the block that never seemed to get repaired. And while city services were declining, property taxes were going up. Mike doesn't complain about his own taxes, but he talks bitterly about the case of his next-door neighbor, who used to pay $1,200 a year for a one-story brick house set on a modest lot. After the man had complained about the high rate, an assessor came to look the place over—and raised his taxes even higher. "You keep your house neat and clean and have a nice garden and lawn," Mike says, "and they penalize you for it."

Then came the ultimate penalty. Last winter the people in the neighborhood learned that their homes lay along the route of a proposed eight-lane Crosstown expressway, stretching in an L-shaped path from Chicago's Northwest Side to a point near the lake shore on its Southeast Side. At a cost of $47.8 million a mile—$1 billion in all—it would be the most expensive road ever built on a per-mile basis. It would also be one of the most disruptive, displacing an estimated 10,400 people in its twenty-two-mile course through largely middle-class residential neighborhoods—both black and white. To Mike Stolarczyk and his friends, it looked as though their way of life was being threatened so that affluent suburbanites could get home for dinner quicker. And so that Mayor Daley could have a huge wad of largely federal funds—the Crosstown is part of the interstate highway system—to grease his political machine with lucrative construction contracts. It seemed to them that these days the successful mayor of a large urban center—a city that "works"—had to know how to destroy it artfully, piece by piece. And just how long would it take to destroy Mike Stolarczyk's particular piece?

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"From now to forever," he says firmly.

In the space of a few days last March, Mike Stolarczyk, an intensely private person with only a back-seat membership in church-related organizations, became a man with a cause and something of a civic activist. It started at a Staurday night Mass early last March, when Father Charles Hurd, an assistant at St. Bartholomew's, spoke of his concern about the coming extinction of the neighborhood and invited those interested to sit down with him the next day to talk over the matter. Mike was one of eight men who showed up and, before leaving that night, had been elected, along with Father Hurd, cochairman of an anti-Crosstown action committee. In retrospect, Mike can appreciate why. As a "loner" ("strictly a man of the pew," in the words of a priest who knows him well), he had neither enemies nor a reputation for being a "publicity hound." Also, he was known for his independence, so it was clear to all that he could work with the priest without being dominated by him. "We knew we'd have to keep this thing away from being a church project," he explains. "We got a lot of good Lutherans and atheists and the rest in this neighborhood, and we didn't want 'em to think this was just a way for the church to grab 'em."

A week or so later his action group held a public meeting about the Crosstown, and several hundred people showed up. At that point, neither the city officials nor the neighborhood people realized the potential significance of such a mass demonstration of public feeling. "You're not thinkin' politics at moments like that," Mike recalls. "You're just thinkin' there's something wrong in the neighborhood." But someone at the meeting pointed out that final approval of the expressway project rested with the governor of Illinois, and, with the Democratic primary only a week away, it seemed a good time to find out where the two leading gubernatorial candidates stood on the issue

Dan Walker, the antimachine candidate, had already voiced his opposition to the Crosstown: One of the planks in his platform called for a clamping down on state expenditures and taxes for just such projects. His opponent, Lieutenant Governor Paul Simon, was a onetime independent who had made his peace with the Daley machine and become its anointed candidate. So it was no great surprise that, when a group from Mike's committee went to his office to pin him down on the issue, they got a classic run-around: An aide explained that Simon's decision on the matter would have to await his installation as governor. Thanks in part to the committee, that would turn out to be a long wait indeed. Members reached into their pockets and raised enough money for a telephone campaign and a flyer citing Simon's response, which was distributed outside neighborhood churches on the Sunday before the March 21 Democratic primary. Simon lost by a small margin statewide—but by a whopping margin in the precincts around Mike's neighborhood. Mike took some pleasure in the fact that a relatively small effort on his group's part helped humiliate the Daley machine, but he was considerably more gratified by a minor side effect of the vote: Only a few days after the primary, city maintenance men were hard at work repairing the neighborhood's cracked sidewalks.

But the fight was just beginning, and Mike Stolarczyk determined that he was in it for keeps, even though he suffered a nervous stomach before every confrontation. ("You always get this feeling, these butterflies, and you memorize everything you're gonna say if things go a certain way, and then they never seem to go that way.") His committee joined in a loose coalition with other anti-Crosstown groups to try to get firm commitments against the expressway from the two candidates in this year's senatorial race: Charles Percy, the liberal Republican incumbent, and Representative Roman Pucinski, a Pole, a Catholic, virtually a "kid" from the neighborhood. In more normal times there would seem little doubt as to which candidate would get Mike Stolarczyk's vote. Not this year.

Mike Stolarczyk isn't against all politicians—just the ones who hold public office.

One Sunday morning last spring a large contingent of anti-Crosstown people attended an outdoor rally Pucinski was holding near his office. They urged him to sign a petition opposing the expressway. Pucinski, who is very much Daley's man, seemed mightily offended that his constituents would demand his pledge in writing, and the sidewalk confrontation grew quite heated. When Mike, holding a pen in one hand and the petition attached to a clipboard in the other, approached the congressman, he was brusquely waved aside. Then the diminutive Pucinski climbed onto the roof of his campaign car and, through a microphone, began to harangue the anti-Crosstown people in no uncertain terms. A few minutes later, one of Mike's neighbors gained control of the microphone and tried to explain the group's position, only to find that the power had been cut off. At that point Mike turned to a friend and said: "Why are these politicians always so *small*?"

A short time later, Percy came out firmly against the expressway. The result was entirely predictable: Pucinski executed a quick pirouette and hastily fired off letters to Mike and other anti-Crosstown leaders "clarifying" his position. And when the anti-Crosstown groups marched against the expressway late in May, there was Pucinski, waving to the crowds and shaking hands and looking for all the world as if he had planned the event himself.

As a result of such dealings with politicians, Mike Stolarczyk has perceived the pressure points of change. "Percy and Pucinski, when we started out, they were always too busy to talk to us. But then we got a little bigger, joined with some groups from other parts of the city, added a little 'color,' and they made time for us."

The "color" Mike mentioned was a group of South Side blacks opposed to the expressway. Mike and his neighbors recently invited their leader, a refined, middle-aged black woman named Mrs. Ura Mathews, to come over to the Northwest Side and talk to them. According to a basic shibboleth of liberal thinking, this kind of thing couldn't happen. As matters turned out, Mike's group was clearly dazzled by Mrs. Mathews ("A great mind!" Mike exulted afterward. "A beautiful woman!"), who pointed out one of the everyday facts of ghetto life: Because blacks are so far down on the social ladder, they have been forced to move again and again—every time, in fact, that some politician thought up a scheme that would demand their land. "They had been fighting alone for years," Mike explains, "because they thought we wouldn't do anything—no matter how bad we got hurt—if the politicians could show us that the blacks got hurt worse."

As a result of that meeting, the Anti-Crosstown Coalition asked the South Side group to join it, taking a significant step toward what some political observers think might well turn out to be the strongest force for social change in future years—the demands for reform of working-class whites and blacks acting in unison. But, at the moment, the two groups are still separated by their different experiences. "Some of the blacks, they've been burned pretty often, and they're *really* ready for action," Mike says. "This is the first time it's happened to us, and there are still people around here who insist it can't happen to them." So Mike would like to avoid the more heated confrontations; he is wary of getting a reputation around the neighborhood

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as an "agitator." He is anxious to give the politicians a chance to prove themselves but would be willing to escalate his group's tactics if they fail the test again. "No violence," he cautions. "A little harassment, maybe. Just to remind them that we're still here."

But so far, at least, the calmer demonstrations have been the most effective. Several weeks ago, for example, a group of anti-Crosstown protesters slipped into the offices of the city agency responsible for drawing up the plans for the expressway. They moved quietly between the desks, not berating the employees, simply dropping off pamphlets explaining their position and inviting the help of anyone who had pertinent information. An address and phone number were included, as well as assurances of complete secrecy. Within forty-eight hours the Anti-Crosstown Coalition received a real bonanza: the minutes of the last meeting of the planning agency. The minutes revealed that, contrary to what the politicians were telling the public, the agency had made no provision for relocating the 10,400 people who would be displaced by the project, and also that noise levels in the residential areas adjacent to the Crosstown would exceed the proposed federal noise standards. In one area, indeed, even a planned $5-million expenditure for noise control would still fail to lower the levels sufficiently to meet those standards.

"Sometimes it seems like if you keep your house neat and clean, they penalize you for it."

So if Mike Stolarczyk is not an agitator, he is very much a political activist these days—a not insignificant evolution for a person who only two years ago had joined his first organization, the Holy Name Society. As head of his local group, Mike sits on the strategy council of the Anti-Crosstown Coalition. He attends meetings of one sort or another on an average of three nights a week and participates in demonstrations on weekends. And in the space of a few short months, Mike has clearly learned the secret of political organizing—mobilizing people. "The pols, they like to talk to you one-by-one. Then they can lie and say they never said what you heard them say. And they laugh at you when you try to get it straight. But you show up with a thousand people behind you and they stop laughing."

As the primaries last spring have already begun to indicate, Mike Stolarczyk's new-found political sophistication and involvement—multiplied by the millions of people like him across the country—will be a force to be reckoned with in the coming years. Increasingly, blue-collar "loners" like Mike are coming out in organized numbers, and with them a new political philosophy seems to be emerging. It is a politics of smallness and community, rooted less in the arcane issues of national and international affairs—the war, ecology, the geopolitical balance of power—than in the intimate realities of home and family and neighborhood. At the heart of the matter seems to be the feeling among the Mike Stolarczyks of this country that things have not been going their way lately, that the quality of their lives has declined to the ultimate benefit of people above and below them on the social scale—specifically, the disadvantaged blacks and the affluent whites.

Already this emerging, still incoherent philosophy has been dubbed the "new ethnic politics." It would be a workable enough catch phrase except for the fact that people like Mike Stolarczyk often don't feel very ethnic. ("We don't sit down to Polish sausages for dinner every night," Mike says.) Perhaps a more accurate way to characterize the Mike Stolarczyks would be to call them the "nonmobiles"—as distinct from that other, larger segment of the American middle class, the "mobiles." Particularly after the Second World War, the mobiles took advantage of this country's enormous economic growth by moving from job to job, suburb to suburb, hopefully improving their lot with each new opportunity. Since they were never in one place long enough to affect their local surroundings much, the mobiles preserved their sense of group identification by focusing on the larger, abstract issues of national politics, which would be relevant wherever they went. And being uprooted and unsure of their place in a fluid class system, they attempted to secure their own status at the expense of those they left behind—laughing at Polish jokes or the bumbling image of the blue-collar worker on television, from Ralph Cramden to Archie Bunker.

The white-ethnic, blue-collar workers generally remained nonmobile through these years, often living in well-defined pockets of the inner city. They came to identify deeply with their neighborhood and were concerned more with local than national issues. Too often they are issues that go unnoticed by the media, which are controlled by mobiles and directed at widely dispersed audiences—unnoticed until, of course, their cumulative effect is reflected in election returns and quickly becomes national news.

Just how the emergence of the nonmobile will effect the election next November is still—to say the least—a highly speculative question. Mike Stolarczyk approves of George Wallace because of his stands on such issues as busing—"There are a lot of people who are willing to take any risk with our kids to prove their points," Mike says—and Mike enjoys hearing Wallace lash out at the political establishment. But Mike is too realistic to have ever voted for Wallace for President, although he considers him a good vice-presidential candidate.

George McGovern, on the other hand, doesn't appeal to Mike at all, partly for a very personal reason. He feels that McGovern is a "publicity hound" who will use anybody to advance his candidacy. When a recent TV news program showed McGovern soliciting a public endorsement from a painfully shy-looking Kathleen Kennedy, the twenty-year-old daughter of the late Robert Kennedy, Mike commented: "Now what kind of a man would do that to a little girl?" But, more importantly, Mike thinks that McGovern is primarily concerned with the "great issues" of national politics and would ignore the local ones.

"Nixon has the best chance for my vote," Mike said recently. The reason seems to be that, while the President's main interest has always been in foreign affairs, he has been involved in them so long that to Mike Stolarczyk he appears "above-it-all," even nonpolitical on such matters. And while Nixon may enrage the mobiles on national and international affairs, he has been careful to assuage the nonmobiles on local issues and to retain a personal "style" that appeals to them.

But in the final analysis, Mike Stolarczyk isn't so much concerned with supporting one politician against another as he is with keeping them all off his back—and out of his neighborhood. Even here, Nixon has won Mike's confidence. Recently, Secretary of Transportation John Volpe agreed to come to Chicago to listen to the arguments of the anti-Crosstown people. And not long ago, Illinois Governor Richard Ogilvie, a Republican, moved to cut off further land acquisition in a portion of the Crosstown project pending a hearing on the matter by the city agency responsible for planning the expressway.

So while Mike knows that there is still a lot of hard organizing ahead to prevent the Crosstown expressway from becoming a reality, he is more optimistic than ever. A few weeks ago he seeded his front lawn with zoysia grass, a patch-type grass that takes as long as two years to reach full maturity. Mike Stolarczyk plans to be around for a while. □

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Being and Biography

BY ROBERT SUSSMAN STEWART

FREUD: Living and Dying
by Max Schur
International Universities
587 pp., $20

Early in the winter of 1928 Max Schur made his first visit to the Freud house at 19 Berggasse. He was admitted to the study, where the seriously ill founder of psychoanalysis greeted him with a kind of "searching quality." They talked briefly, in the half-light of that somber room the differences between them becoming painfully obvious: Schur, an energetic, young internist, only thirty-one and just beginning a long career; Freud, weary, drained by work, already seventy-two and coming to the end of his powers.

The meeting was arranged by one of Freud's favorite pupils, Marie Bonaparte. During a recent hospitalization she had been treated by Schur and was so impressed with him that she urged Freud to see him on a number of occasions. What convinced her that Schur would be "right" for Freud was that he was one of the few medical men in Vienna favorably disposed to psychoanalysis—not only did he know Freud's work and attend his lectures, but he was undergoing a long, intensive "personal analysis."

Freud's reluctance to see Schur was due less to Schur's age than it was to a bad experience he had had five years earlier. In April of 1923 Freud had shown Felix Deutsch, his regular physician at the time, a suspicious-looking spot in his mouth, and although Deutsch knew "instantly" that what was there was ominous, he concealed the truth from him. (Deutsch claimed that he was afraid Freud might have committed suicide had he known he had cancer—a rather provocative idea, yet totally unfounded.) When Freud later learned that the growth was malignant, and that he needed radical surgery he was furious with Deutsch and could never really forgive him—which explains why he had been without a doctor ever since and why he now asked Schur to promise that he would never lie to him. Schur consented. "Promise me one more thing," Freud added, "when the time comes, you won't let me suffer unnecessarily."

With that they shook hands—the start of what soon developed into one of the most harrowing, agonizing doctor-patient relationships on record. For the next ten-and-a-half years, Max Schur "stood guard" over Freud like some devoted sentinel on the lookout for the enemy. Visits to the Berggasse became regular occurrences—two, three, or four times a week. A small surgical room was set up across the hall from Freud's study so that Schur could examine him in the house, reporting at once even the slightest changes in the area of the oral cavity to Hans Pichler, Freud's oral surgeon. Rarely did Schur find anything good, and the case history that emerged reads like a catalogue of horrors: in November of 1929, a painful swelling; in October of 1930, a leukoplakia, removed by surgery; in February of 1931, another leukoplakia, removed by surgery; in March of 1932, new growths, more surgery—again in July, August, and December of the same year; in September of 1933, another lesion, removed by electrocoagulation—mild shock reported; in November of 1935, a papilloma, removed by surgery; in July of 1936, a deep, new malignancy, removed by surgery. . . .

There were additional, maddening complications. Ever since the first surgery in 1923, which involved a complete resection of the jaw, Freud's life was one of "endless torture." Eating, smoking, and talking could be carried on only with great effort. The prosthesis that had become necessary never worked properly, and inserting it was both difficult and time consuming: If it was too tight, the pain of the pressure was unbearable; if it was too loose, food intake and speech were abnormal. And in the course of all this Freud, unbelievably, refused to give up his cigars—sometimes as many as twenty a day—a habit that caused constant irritation and spurred on the proliferation of growths. Colds and sinus infections were common because of the open communication between the nasal and oral passages. Strain and advancing age had brought about a return of Freud's earlier coronary troubles and, too, the periodic bouts of stomach disorder.

By the mid-1930s Freud was exhausted. The threat of Nazism a few years later added to his burden, and it seemed unlikely that he would have strength enough to leave Vienna. But at the moment of crisis Freud rallied and made the journey into exile. In England, though, he was desperately ill. Pichler managed to get out of Austria in the fall of 1938 to perform one more operation; after that, the London surgeons did what they could, but they were unfamiliar with the case, disagreed on the best course of action, and were slow to recognize the onset of new growths—despite the urgings of Schur and Anna Freud, Freud's daughter. At eighty-two Freud had few reserves. Recent X-ray treatment had produced bad side effects, and an open wound developed that eventually ate through his cheek—a "putrid, stinking infection." In August of 1939 Max Schur moved into the house at Maresfield Gardens. Freud's bed was carried downstairs so that he could overlook the garden. By September—three weeks after war had been declared—he could barely eat or read and had to give up Balzac's *La Peau de Chagrin*. "It's nothing but torture now," he told Schur. "It makes no sense anymore." Schur gave him a hypodermic of two centigrams of morphine, repeating the dose twelve hours later. He had remembered his promise, and Freud fell into a peaceful sleep.

Robert Sussman Stewart is completing a book on the history of psychoanalysis since the death of Freud.

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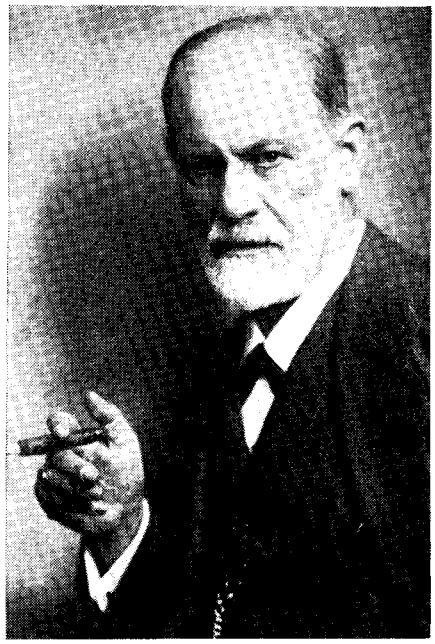
Within a month after the funeral Schur sailed for America, taking his family with him, leaving Europe and the war behind; the ordeal over, he was eager for a new country and a new life. He resisted offers from publishers and film producers to "tell his story." Instead, he accepted a professorship in dermatology at Bellevue Hospital in New York and started a private practice. Still, he was haunted by Freud, by the memory of the suffering, by the complete helplessness he had felt before the tyranny of the body over the mind—and over such a mind as Freud's. He told me once that this was a period of tremendous indecisiveness for him until, finally, he realized what it was that he had to do. He had to become a psychoanalyst.

Schur went into training at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute and began taking on analytic cases. Yet the primary use for his new skill was in "reconstructing" Freud's life, fitting together the missing pieces: What had the young Freud been like? How was it that the old Freud had had such mastery over pain and misery, so much so that he hardly ever lost his composure, never permitted sedatives or drugs until the final hours, continued to see patients, persisted in writing new books throughout almost the entire period of his illness—in 1925, *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety*; in 1927, *The Future of an Illusion*; in 1929, *Civilization and its Discontents*; in 1932, *The New Introductory Lectures*; in 1934, the first draft of *Moses and Monotheism*; in 1937, *Analysis Terminable and Interminable*; in 1938, *An Outline of Psychoanalysis*. Even more difficult to grasp was the origin of Freud's enormous capacity for resignation, his ability to endure in old age the severest anxieties and the darkest fears of death. Never once during the time that Max Schur took care of him was there a threat of suicide. When the Nazis came to Vienna and Anna Freud suggested that it might be easier if they took their own lives, Freud looked up at her and asked: "Why? Because they would like us to?"

Schur began collecting biographical material, not with an eye toward publication, at least not at first, but as a kind of purgation, a "working-through"—one should, I suspect, call it a process of mourning. He put down his medical notes. He asked Hans Pichler for the surgical record. He talked to Felix Deutsch. The first significant clues came in 1950, when selected portions of Freud's correspondence with Wilhelm Fliess were published (the Freud family considered the letters too intimate to be published in full), revealing the "only really extraordinary experience in Freud's life," the closest friendship he ever had and one that came at exactly the moment he was making his most crucial scientific discoveries—that there was meaning in his dreams and in the events of his childhood.



Sigmund Freud—" 'decomposing' the myth . . . of the fiery, heroic Freud, the conquistador Freud, the Freud whose ghost still hovers in the doorways of analytic consulting rooms."

The selected Freud-Fliess correspondence (Freud's to Fliess only; the letters from Fliess were destroyed) was followed in 1953 by Volume I of Ernest Jones's three-volume biography, including the now-famous betrothal letters to Martha Bernays. In 1955 and 1957 Volumes II and III appeared. For the last of these Schur had prepared, at Jones's request, an essay detailing Freud's illness, which Jones had promised to use as a "final chapter" but never did. Openly angered, Schur was more determined than ever. He scoured Freud's personal letters, edited by his son Ernst, which were published in 1960. In 1961 he appealed to Marie Bonaparte, who allowed him to read her private correspondence with Freud. In 1963 he flew to London and read the unpublished correspondence with Jones, Jung, Ferenczi, Lou Andreas-Salomé, Karl Abraham, Max Eitingon, Arnold Zweig, and Stefan Zweig. In 1964 he was granted special permission by Ernst Freud to read the unpublished sections of the Fliess letters.

It was in these letters to Fliess, written between 1887 and 1902, that Schur found what he was looking for: the connecting link between early and late Freud. Now, being a "silent" biographer no longer satisfied him. During the few conversations I had had with him after he had seen these letters, he struck me as a man who "knew something." He talked incessantly about Freud's relationship with Fliess, apparently the relationship around which the whole of Freud's self-analysis had turned.

In the fall of 1964 Schur delivered the Freud Anniversary Lecture under the auspices of the New York Psychoanalytic Society and rather startled his audience by not only giving the gruesome details of Freud's cancer but by intimating that it was the intensity of Freud's involvement with Fliess—and the ultimate dissolution of that friendship—that held the key to Freud's stoical attitude toward illness and death. In 1966, in a paper on "Irma's injection"—Freud's own dream, the first he ever fully analyzed—Schur claimed that it was Fliess who was the dream's central figure and the bridge to its latent meaning.

Then, at last, came work on a long, serious book, now just published after much delay—sadly, after Schur's own death in 1969—entitled *Freud: Living and Dying*. It is a stunning piece of biography, easily the most inspired book about Freud since the Jones volumes. What is particularly impressive is Schur's "sense" of Freud, his feeling for him—obviously some deep connection was formed between them over the course of those thousands of visits, a connection much deeper than Jones had had, for Jones wrote about Freud with a distance that we never find in Schur. And although Jones was often critical of Freud, he gave us an essentially idealized Freud, a supremely rational Freud—what Philip Rieff has called "the *Life* of a man in perfect balance."

Schur's Freud is a troubled and brooding young Freud, a Freud of moods and obsessions, a complaining, hypochondriacal Freud. He is a superstitious Freud who, since childhood, believed in the "power" of certain numbers: "fifty-two," which in Hebrew could be spelled out as "dog" and which, therefore, was a "bad" number; "eighteen," which in Hebrew could be spelled out as "life" and which, therefore, was a "good" number. Out of this "specifically Jewish nature of my mysticism," as he himself described it, Freud became morbidly concerned with numbers in relation to dying. The letters to Fliess show how he wrestled continually with the fear that he might die at predetermined ages or "critical periods": First it was forty-one, then sixty-two, then eighty-one-and-a-half. We also see in these letters a whole battery of Freud's complaints—sinusitis, migraine, spastic colon, palpitations. (In the case of Freud's heart

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symptoms, Schur postulates that Freud may have actually suffered a minor coronary in 1894.) It was in response to the chest pains that Fliess urged Freud to give up smoking, but nothing could long free him from this addiction—neither then nor later. "Most of the time the torment is superhuman," he wrote Fliess during an attempt at abstinence. In another letter that followed, he confessed to be smoking "wickedly" again. In yet another letter, this one on June 22, 1894, he summed up the endless back and forth of success and failure:

I have not smoked for seven weeks, since the day of your injunction. At first I felt as expected, impossibly bad—cardiac symptoms with depression plus the horrible misery of abstinence. The latter wore off after approximately three weeks, the former improved after about six weeks, but I remained completely incapable of working, a beaten man. After seven weeks, contrary to my promise to you, I began smoking again.

What was Freud's attraction to Fliess—the "magician," the "healer," as he called him—and why did it lead to the most profound episode in Freud's life? Wilhelm Fliess, the noted Berlin nose and throat specialist, had come on a visit to Vienna in 1887 and was told by one of Freud's former colleagues, Josef Breuer, that he might find the lectures Freud gave at the university worth listening to. Fliess attended several of them, was astounded by what he heard of the new science of psychoanalysis, and engaged Freud in a number of long conversations. When he returned to Berlin, he promptly initiated a correspondence.

For Freud it was a kind of ambrosia to find someone interested in his work; he had been ostracized by Vienna's medical establishment for nearly a decade at this point. As the letters became more frequent, and the form of address more familiar, they discovered that they had much in common: their middle-class Jewish backgrounds, their love of science, their belief in Darwin, their belief in Helmholtz, their renunciation of God, their conviction that the mentally ill were not "possessed" by demons or spirits but were suffering from natural disorders that could be biologically and psychologically determined, and then cured.

Fliess, who was two years younger than Freud, had been theory building on his own for some time, a set of bizarre hypotheses based on numerical cycles of twenty-three and twenty-eight days—these numbers somehow establishing a definite link between the mucous membranes of the nose and the activity of the genitals. At the root of this periodicity was figured to be the basic bisexuality of all human beings, an idea that Freud responded to immediately, so close was it to his own thinking as he embarked then, still in his thirties, on his monumental self-analysis, telling Fliess about his dreams and about the "scenes" of his childhood. The deeper Freud went, the more dependent he became on Fliess. He developed what Schur calls a fully charged "transferencelike" relationship to him—like that of a patient to an analyst—a relationship that made him alternately sullen and euphoric, impulsive, irritable, at times demanding in the extreme, at other times craven and almost worshipful. We see the range of these emotions in the letter of July 24, 1895:

You demon! Why don't you write to me. How are you? Don't you care at all any more what I'm doing? What's happening with the nose, menstruation, labor pains, neuroses, your dear wife, and the budding little one? This year I am sick after all and must come to you. What will happen if by chance both of us should remain healthy for a whole year? Are we only friends in misfortune? Or do we also want to share the experiences of calmer times with each other? . . .

Or, the following in another letter:

It is obviously not a special favor of fate that I can have only five hours or so a year to exchange thoughts with you, when I can barely exist without the other person, and you are the only other person, the *alter*.

It was out of this utter submission to Fliess that Freud found his way back to even earlier dependencies, to the attachment he had had to his mother, to the fear of his father, which for Freud was the ultimate fear—"the fathers, resting like mountain-ruins within our depths." He also found his way back to the memory of his dead infant brother, Julius, who died in 1858—*the same year that Fliess was born*—when only a year old. Freud was two at the time, but he could remember wishing for his rival brother to die and, simultaneously, could feel the icy, terrible "guilt of the survivor." This guilt tormented him for years, implanted the *Todesangst*—anxiety about death—that endlessly plagued him, gave him the need to punish himself with imaginary ailments, and brought him to the discovery of the inevitable balancing of opposites in psychic life: loss and gain, love and hate, living and dying. Recognizing these things, the passion for Fliess subsided. Freud could no longer pretend to an interest in Fliess's "numbers game." Fliess accused him of not appreciating his work and of being self-serving. The correspondence dwindled, but not without its residue. Although Freud had tamed the "unruly" parts of himself and was ready to face anything, even the most dreadful cancer, he had lost something dear to him in the bargain, something he would not find again for the rest of his life.

What is particularly valuable here, in this startling, almost brutal picture of Freud, is that it is one of the people most closely associated with him who has taken on the task of "decomposing" the myth—the myth of the fiery, heroic Freud, the conquistador Freud, the Freud whose ghost still hovers in the doorways of analytic consulting rooms and psychoanalytic institutes, musty and forbidding. By having Freud as his patient, rather than as a colleague, Max Schur saw, in a daily, mundane way, the more human side. He became thoroughly familiar with the indignities forced on Freud's body by disease, with the humiliation of the spirit by the flesh—he knew, in the best and worst sense, the odors of the man. And so he also knew, as his book proves, that the man who had come to the idea of Eros must have come to it out of his own driving life-force. Similarly, that if Freud uncovered the bisexuality in all of us, then he himself must have been in love with Fliess. That if the death instinct is at the center of the human condition, then its first rumblings must have come from Freud's own immortal longings. Which brings us to a question that Schur does not deal with: Did Freud arbitrarily superimpose his own states of mind onto others? It is not a new question, nor will the answer be quick in coming. Yet now that we know more about Freud, perhaps present-day psychoanalysts will direct their research accordingly. What we also need, it is clear, is a reliable psychology of genius, but that, too, is far away. There is the danger in Schur's book of seeing Freud's creative powers as a result of his suffering, rather than in spite of it. Although it is fashionable these days to think that illness—or madness—and genius are somehow related, one can be sure that the mechanisms of neither are simple and, for all we know, the differences between them may be more critical to our understanding than the similarities. Yet these are separate issues and should not take away from the rich and incisive book that Max Schur has written, nor from the portrait of Freud that he has drawn—not a lofty Freud who is above us, but a Freud very much in our midst, a Freud who, like Lear, "smells of mortality." □

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PARIS WAS YESTERDAY
1925–1939
by Janet Flanner
edited by Irving Drutman
The Viking Press, 232 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by Alex Szogyi

When the cultural history of Americans Abroad in the twentieth century is sorted out, when the Age of James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and Josephine Baker is codified and catalogued, Janet Flanner of *The New Yorker* (Genêt with the circumflex) may well be appreciated as the Mme. de Sévigné of her time, for she has functioned somewhat like that compulsively volatile great lady of the seventeenth century. Both carved quotable anecdotes and pithy scenes from their canny recollections of the social and cultural events of their time, and both supposedly directed them at a quasi-invisible audience. Mme. de Sévigné wrote most of her celebrated letters to her indifferent daughter, Mme. de Grignan, whom she adored, and also to several famous men of the time, especially her cousin, the writer Bussy-Rabutin; Janet Flanner, launched by the impresario Harold Ross of the then fledgling *The New Yorker*, wrote to a mythic audience she helped to create back in the States, imbibers of French culture through the sturdy straw of the events Genêt deemed important. Sévigné and Genêt defined manners and mores by dramatizing moments in the midst of which they existed and navigated.

It would be intriguing to try to estimate the number of impressionable Americans whose idea of Paris has come through *The New Yorker*'s "Letter from Paris," whose introduction to Paris was made formal through the notions of sophistication and chic, the smart values emanating from the osmosis of Janet Flanner's rich prose. More than a Gertrude Stein or a Sylvia Beach, a Scott Fitzgerald or a Hemingway, she has given nearly five decades of Americans the myth of Paris packaged in superbly wrought accounts of life in the city of cultural light. For the *cognoscenti*, for those who have made Paris their spiritual home, Janet Flanner is the best Baedeker of that great city.

After reading through her first two volumes of collected pieces, the first of which received the National Book Award, and tasting the Olympian prose that she slowly forged over fifty years of crystal journalistic effort, it is somewhat of a surprise to read her earlier pieces. She was saltier then, more openly cruel, somewhat malicious when the occasion seemed to warrant it, less sure of herself as she crayoned in a caustic comment, as most writers are when they are on the make—yet at all times mixing a rare Maugham-like gift for anecdote and a Rex Reed-like talent for the nonchalant ironic pinprick. Most of all, she was the mistress of the bitchy obituary. In a sense all of her work is a cataloguing of illustrious burstings upon the scene and notorious and noble passings. In Volume II (1965–1971), she seemed to be chronicling the end of a world, the decline and fall of the reign of "Charles XI, Emperor of the French," Combat's witty euphemism for Charles de Gaulle. In *Paris Was Yesterday*, she takes us from Josephine Baker's arrival at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in 1925, the first tangible proof for Parisians and the world at large that "black was beautiful," to the disillusionment brought about by the advent of Hitler and by the betrayal symbolized by Chamberlain's umbrella—the beginning of World War II.

Genêt gives us a series of necrologies: Anatole France, Monet, Isadora Duncan, Proust, Erik Satie, Foch, Clemenceau, Diaghilev, Sarah Bernhardt, Marie Curie, Delius, Ravel, to mention only the most charismatic. It may be that Irving Drutman, the editor, chose to pick her obits as her most representative work. Genêt has made of the obituary a new and lapidary art. In her accounts of the passing of the illus-

Michael de Lisio's terra-cotta sculpture of Janet Flanner at a Paris costume party, circa 1929. She wears Sir Bache Cunard's top hat to which are attached two masks.

Alex Szogyi is chairman of the Department of Romance Languages, Hunter College of the City University of New York.

YOUR LITERARY I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

COMPOTE

Fill in each blank with the fruit specified by the author of the verse. If you know the author, Sharon Henderson of Jackson, Michigan, will let you take an extra bite for your score. Help yourself to the answers on page 63.

1. I'd ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross
   For giblet gravy and _____ sauce. ( )
2. For the _____ tree is in blossom. ( )
3. And a grocery man calling for cash,
   Every day cash for beans and _____. ( )
4. as hatracks into _____trees grow
   or hopes dance best on bald men's hair. ( )
5. And dark rich _____, poured from the dim flame
   Where the sun set, came rolling toward the peak. ( )
6. That the cool drink from the well tastes so good,
   That _____ are so flavorous and juicy. ( )
7. _____-ripe, ripe I cry. ( )
8. They dined on mince and slices of _____. ( )
9. Star-eyed _____-breasted
   Throstle above her nested. ( )
10. _____ as big as the end of your thumb. ( )
11. Rachel *née* Rabinovitch
    Tears at the _____ with murderous paws. ( )
12. A poem should be palpable and mute
    As a globed _____. ( )

A. apples
B. blackberries
C. blueberries
D. cherry
E. cranberry
F. fruit
G. grapes
H. lime
I. peach
J. prunes
K. quince
L. strawberry

a. cummings, b. T. S. Eliot, c. Frost, d. Herrick, e. Gerard Manley Hopkins, f. Lear, g. Vachel Lindsay, h. Amy Lowell, i. MacLeish, j. Ogden Nash, k. Sandburg, l. Whitman

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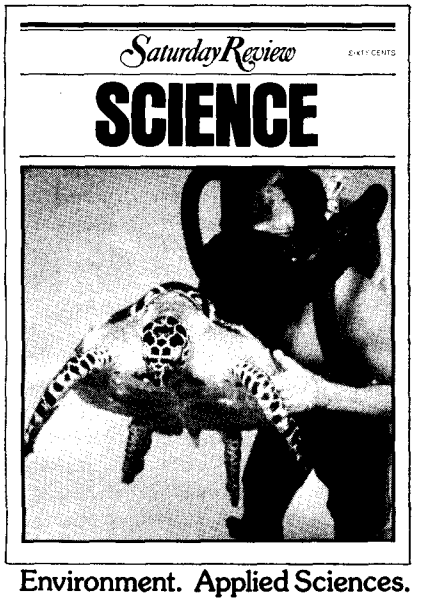

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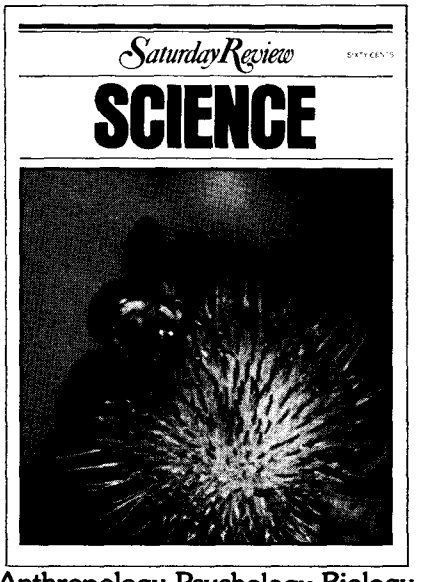

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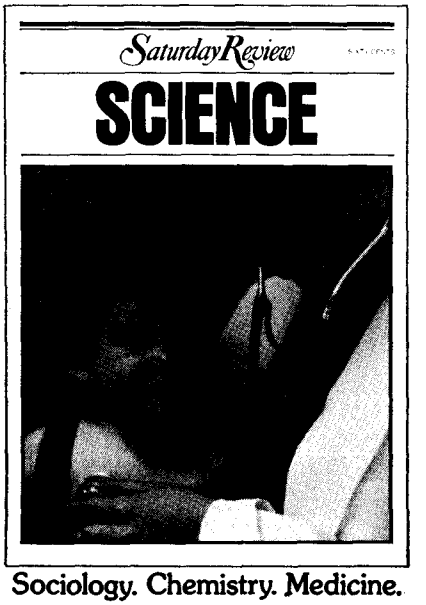

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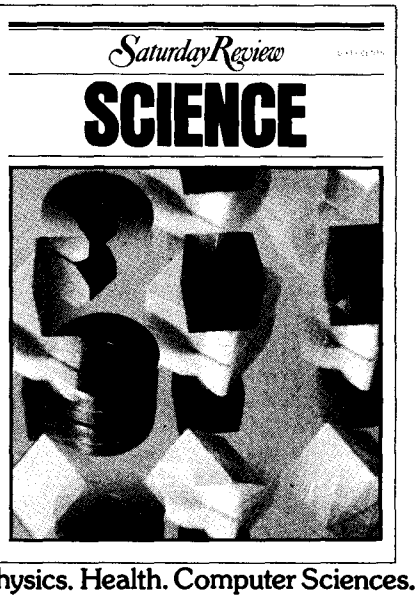

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trious she has an uncanny gift for giving the essential lineaments of a life; she leaves no significant irony unturned, and rare is an account that does not end in some notable paradox. As if instinctively tuned in to the karmic aspects of each life she reviews, she chooses the elements that must add up to an ultimate judgment. Her ripe prose seems to smile down upon the ultimate predicaments of each life as if she were part and parcel of destiny's voice and karma's determination. As Chekhov claimed to do, but didn't, she writes with an icy heart. Her compassion is reserved for very few: Sylvia Beach of Shakespeare and Company, who made her selfless life's work the establishing of James Joyce's renown; and Edith Wharton, the writer, whose cool aristocracy and loyalty to Henry James rather touched her.

The longest pieces in the collection are accounts of lurid trials and murders. The bits and pieces are rendered with such precise detail that they make Truman Capote's attempts in the genre seem like those of a cautious amateur. She gives as careful attention to the itinerary of the guillotine's blade as she does to the passing of the illustrious of her age.

Curiously, the most touching element of the book is the introduction Miss Flanner has added to her collection as an afterthought, to larder the cultural palimpsest. In it she makes footnotes to history that are both fascinating and edifying: a discussion with Hemingway about suicide (both their fathers having ended their lives themselves), thereby revealing a poignant moment in the Hemingway legend, and one supreme encounter with Picasso. For years Miss Flanner had sat at the Café de Flore by night, watching Picasso watch others. Somehow their eyes never met, or so she thought. Years later she was given the opportunity to meet him. When she was brought before him, she was thunderstruck to learn that he had always been aware of her. Picasso's words, as presented to us by Janet Flanner, are the most touching of the entire book:

Janet Flanner in April 1972.

Picasso turned to me with his hand outstretched in greeting, and then, with a loud cry of astonishment, shouted, "You! Why didn't you ever speak to me in the old days at the Flore? For years we saw each other and never spoke, until now. Are you just the same as you were? You look it!" By this time he had his arms around me and was thumping me enthusiastically on the shoulders. "You look fine, not a day older," and I said, "Nor do you," and he said, "That's true, that's the way you and I are. We don't get older, we just get riper. Do you still love life the way you used to, and love people the way you did? I watched you and always wanted to know what you were thinking. . . . Tell me, do you still love the human race, especially your best friends? Do you still love love?" "I do," I said, astonished at the turn the monologue was taking. "And so do I," he shouted, laughing. "Oh, we're great ones for that, you and I. Isn't love the greatest refreshment in life?" And he embraced me with his strong arms, in farewell.

In this gallant cameo a strong emotion is distilled. Picasso is over ninety; Janet Flanner is over eighty. They have survived their age and—sensitive, susceptible *flâneurs* that they were—having enjoyed the passing spectacle of Paris in its heyday, they are still here in the Seventies to give it shape and new life. When we look back upon the past and try to imagine what dry history can never give us, we are once in a while treated to a vibrant sense of the past. Janet Flanner gave us Paris as she chose to see it, a precious legacy filtered through her prescient obituaries of illustrious but imperfect people. She forged a heavily perfumed myth of one of the great cultural centers of modern man at one of its richest moments.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1517

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1517 will be found in the next issue.

SJU IUDVUQ VZ B WNOULZBSNLBD WXNLRU XQ UFVD VW ZXS ZURUWWBLG; KUZ BDXZU BLU ENVSU RBOBIDU XQ UFULG MVRPUAZUWW.

RXZLBA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1516

The dull period in the life of an event is when it ceases to be news and has not begun to be history.
Thomas Hardy

ENCOUNTERS WITH STRAVINSKY
A Personal Record
by Paul Horgan
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 300 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Phelps

More than a year after his death, Igor Stravinsky continues to make news, and not just musical news—though that, too, with the triumphant New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival—but "human interest" news and hard-core, front-page news in the *New York Times* itself. Medical, fiscal, household, and even deathbed details have been publicly aired. His concert agent takes one view of his last years; his closest friend, Robert Craft, takes another. Both are interviewed at length, and both are publishing books defending their positions. Craft's *Stravinsky*, substantially a reprint of his diary contributions to three previous books written with Stravinsky since 1963: *Dialogues and a Diary*, *Themes and Episodes*, and *Retrospectives and Conclusions*, has come out in the last month. Meanwhile Stravinsky himself has metamorphosed into a myth as potent and ramifying as Beethoven's.

This is a curious development, since Stravinsky was never given to the sort of stunts or vices or indiscretions that gossip feeds on. His personal life was fairly opulent but strictly unbohemian and always hard-working. He was as much a family man as Bach. He was not shot like Webern. He did not die in poverty like Bartók. He was not even neglected like Schoenberg. And, though he adored alcohol ("My God," he once said, "so much I like to drink Scotch that sometimes I think my name Ogor Strawhiskey!"), he was obsessively orderly and never missed a deadline in his life.

Yet, somehow, his personality included that elusive leavening agent that makes for myths. Like Dr. John-

Robert Phelps, a novelist and critic, is the author of two biographical anthologies: *Earthly Paradise*, from the works of Colette, and *Professional Secrets*, from the writings of Cocteau.

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Igor Stravinsky by Pablo Picasso, 1920.

son, Gertrude Stein, Keats, and Cocteau, he is already known to people who have little interest in his work. It is safe to predict that a growing library of Stravinsky memories will appear in the next half century.

The earliest, Paul Horgan's *Encounters With Stravinsky*, is a modest but gallant crocus in the garden. It is a very American book from cover to cover: full of boyish ardor and unabashed love of art and artists. (There may be no more heroes, but there is still hero-worship.) Significantly, too, it comes, not from a fellow musician, but from a professional novelist and historian who cherished Stravinsky's music as a teenager in a New Mexico military academy and who, by a late but lucky turn of fate, met his hero at a Santa Fe music festival in 1957. An intimate if intermittent friendship ensued, and so we meet again the same "illustrious pilgrims"—Maestro, Madame, and "Bop" —whose adventures we have followed since 1959 in Robert Craft's diaries. In their hotel room, surrounded by books, palettes, flowers, and muted pianos, they are as winning as ever; but now, because Mr. Horgan is a skilled novelist as well as a reverent observer, they appear in shapely dramatic scenes. We hear their voices. We watch their facial expressions, their dress, their bodily movements, and they come vividly to life as in a good novel.

Easily the most moving moments are those in the green room, as when Stravinsky, frail, painfully trussed, exhausted, and in his late seventies, comes off-stage in anguish. The performance has seemed wondrous to Horgan, but Stravinsky sees only its imperfections. Pale with despair, he tears at his cuff links and throws them across the room. "It is never good enough," Stravinsky cries. "Never!"

Otherwise, it seems apt that his name, as pronounced in Russian, sounds like "eager." Eagerness is what most comprehensively characterizes Stravinsky's life, from his love of dictionaries to his zest for traveling. He was also thoroughly practical. Well into his eighties, he scurried about in the bowels of Grand Central station, counting and recounting his thirty-eight pieces of luggage, and after a costly supper party he knowledgeably counseled Horgan on how to claim a tax deduction. As for life's consolations, there was glorious Scotch (Chivas Regal will nowhere find better testimonials than in Mr. Horgan's book) and blessed work. Opening his hotel door after a hang-over, the maestro joyfully announced, "I slept one hour, I sent for some food, and then I have composed two bars!"

Of course, he was also a genius, the only one of his kind. As such, his assurance was profoundly rooted in an unfaltering sense of God-given powers. So was his pride: Virgil Thomson was not forgiven an irreverent remark, and judgments were usually pronounced *ex cathedra*, and sometimes were malicious (if just): As a composer, Benjamin Britten was declared "a ve-ry good accompanist." As for Stravinsky's wrath, it was childlike, unself-conscious, torrential, and, though cruel in its effects, at the same time almost pure.

Pure, too, was his absorption in his work. One evening he conducted his *Symphony of Psalms* in the Santa Fe cathedral and, before going on, he paused before a stoup of holy water. Watching him, says Mr. Horgan, "I thought of devout bullfighters making the sign of the cross, asking God's protection before courting danger. But Stravinsky could never be counted on to do the expected thing. He deeply wet his fingers, and then, just before coming into view of the expectant performers and listeners, he smoothed his hair with it. . . ." A mythical gesture if there ever was one.

GEORGE SAND
A Biography of the First Modern Liberated Woman
by Samuel Edwards
David McKay, 271 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Anna Balakian

In her 1940 biography of George Sand, entitled *Romantic Rebel*, Felizia Seyd observed that each decade produces new biographies of this extraordinary woman. Samuel Edwards makes his contribution to the Seventies with one that focuses on the relevance of the life of George Sand to the current problems of women's liberation. Indeed, the subject is timely, and, as Mr. Edwards states, George Sand was probably "the first modern liberated woman," a major novelist in a century when women writers were a mere handful in France, their work regarded pejoratively. Napoleon hated Mme. de Staël, Baudelaire had an obsessive dislike for Mme. Sand, Vigny called her "that Sappho woman," with the generally accepted implication that any woman who manifested a brain must be an abnormal female.

Unfortunately, Mr. Edwards adds nothing new to the known facts, so often repeated before him, and so professionally and unbeatably re-created by André Maurois's *Lélia* just twenty years ago. So far the biographies have varied mostly in terms of the attitudes that they have brought to their subject; some have been hostile to the "masculine" behavior of this most famous French woman writer of the nineteenth century; others, and principally Maurois, have written of her with love. The current biography shows neither hostility nor empathy. Nor does the author seem to understand what the problems were that made Mme. Aurore Dudevant assume the name of George Sand and become an aggressive female who wore pants and smoked cigars and beat her male colleagues in literary productivity, not to save her sex as a group, but for her indomitable and unique self.

Mr. Edwards's primer on George Sand was very obviously prepared with an eye on the woman's book market. It is a blatant example of the kind of obsession with sex that permeates contemporary writing and that has now penetrated the heretofore pristine domain of literary criticism to such a point that it becomes the basic justification for most of the current crop of "biographies." Every celibate writer is scrutinized as a potential case study in homosexuality, and women who demonstrated the least friendship for a member of their own sex (God forbid that they should have written affectionate letters!) become lesbians in the eyes of their biographers, who subordinate all their other activities, including those through which they earned their fame.

What is "new," then, in Mr. Ed-

Anna Balakian is professor of French and comparative Literature at New York University. Her most recent work is a critical biography, *André Breton, Magus of Surrealism.*

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George Sand—"The author [does not] seem to understand what the problems were that made Mme. Aurore Dudevant assume the name of George Sand and become an aggressive female who wore pants and smoked cigars and beat her male colleagues in literary productivity."

wards's interpretation of the life of George Sand is this emphasis on what these days is called the "bisexual" relationship. Mr. Edwards's principal "proof" of George Sand's lesbiansim is a number of letters she wrote to the actress Marie Dorval and the jealousy of Dorval's poet-lover, Alfred de Vigny. Marie Dorval was exquisitely beautiful. She could convey on stage the attitudes of love so eloquently as to make George Sand feel inadequate in her own relationships with her male lovers, for instance, Musset and Chopin, (here minimized so as to play up the Dorval story). I dare say that George Sand admired, even worshiped, this beautiful woman, as so many women as well as men have adored the *duse*, Sarah Bernhardt, and in more recent times Greta Garbo; the current young generation can never know the thrill that audiences used to feel in the presence of a great and vibrant actress in the days of living theater. But to reduce George Sand's emotions for people, whether male or female, simply to sensual excitement is to lose her totally. That is exactly what Edwards does in equating a rich, productive literary and human life with the number of men and women the novelist allegedly slept with, and his "biography" consists of this enumeration.

But even as a portrait of a life devoted to sensuality the book does not come off, because in telling the story Edwards robs George Sand of her passion, her idealization of love, her affections, and the energy that went even into her infidelities. Mr. Edwards's attempts at reading into the mind of this brilliant, fertile woman are pathetically fruitless and inexcusably undocumented. Inexcusably, I say, because she wrote diaries and conveyed very directly her own thoughts and explained her life-style; moreover, she has already been the subject of countless biographical studies. In other words, supporting materials, both primary and secondary, were ample and available. Instead, the author recounts her adventures in the manner of a case history, and he labels her a forerunner of Women's Liberation merely on the basis of his meager inventory. He explores neither the sensibilities and courage involved in her eroticism nor the relevance of her writings to her social awareness, which exceeded that of many male writers of the time. As she witnessed three revolutions and multiple political regimes, her art as a novelist changed with the political upheavals and the currents of social theories. It passed from an early romantic view of reality to a sober social realism. In fact, her greatest virtue in terms of our contemporary vision is the fact that she did not sentimentalize poverty and human misery; hers were not the Uncle Tom kind of social indictments, but they combined a deep humanity with almost brutal insight into social inhumanities. She was much more "man" in this sense than some of the men of the time, for example, Victor Hugo, who treated the same subjects romantically. All Mr. Edwards makes of her novels is to mention their story lines in a few rapid sentences, parenthetically, as passing episodes between or concurrent with her love affairs. But to judge Mr. Edwards even on his own terms, I would suggest that the works of Jacqueline Susann come off better in depicting call girls than Mr. Edwards's account of Mme. Sand's liaisons.

The telling of the story is made even more bland by the kind of stereotype editing that reduces personal style to factory conformity. I think that even women's book clubs have become too sophisticated to be satisfied with a watered-down biography of a woman of the stature of George Sand. The males who put this book together really misfired!

FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY
by Pavel Kohout
translated from the Czech
by George Theiner
McGraw-Hill, 307 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Sanche de Gramont

In 1945 a sixteen-year-old Czech schoolboy named Pavel Kohout watched Russian tanks enter Prague to liberate it from the Germans. In 1968 Kohout, now a well-known playwright, saw Russian tanks once again in the streets of Prague, this time in a newspaper photograph. Kohout was vacationing in Italy, and the tanks were putting down the government of Alexander Dubček, who had attempted to create "socialism with a human face" in Czechoslovakia.

Kohout's *From the Diary of a Counter-Revolutionary* concerns the intervening two decades of political turmoil in his country, centering around the events of 1968. He uses the term counter-revolutionary in an ironic sense, for it is the one the Communists applied to those who opposed the Soviet invasion. The diary is actually a series of three alternating journals, distinguished in the book by different type faces. The first follows Kohout in Prague from 1945 through a twenty-year struggle as a Communist writer and intellectual. The second is the diary of the "Prague spring" of 1968, when Antonin Novotny, the Stalinist hard liner, was replaced by Dubček as first secretary of the party, and the iceberg formed during twenty years of subservience to Moscow began to thaw. The final diary recounts Kohout's Italian holiday, his arguments with his mistress, and his decision to return home. Although the technique of running together different diaries can be dislocating, it admirably expresses the episodic, fragmented quality of Kohout's life.

The book, however, is much more than an account of recent events in Czechoslovakia; it is the complicated biography of a generation that grew up questioning its allegiance to a Soviet satellite state. Great events are introduced obliquely, through commonplace incidents. One morning Kohout's mother wakes him with the news: "They're speaking nothing but Czech on the radio today." A streetcar conductor tells a German flier that he can no longer accept German currency. Several days later Kohout is riding on the turret of a Russian tank. A year later Kohout is climbing the statue of St. Wenceslaus in the center of Prague to get a better view of the withdrawing Red Army. In two years—it is 1948—he is again in the streets, demonstrating in favor of the Communist coup that has ousted the Beneš government and installed Clement Gottwald. Kohout is a loyal Communist, a party member whose sympathy for Russia

Sanche de Gramont is a novelist and freelance journalist who reported revolutionary movements for ten years.

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survives Stalinism, survives the treason trials of the Fifties, survives sudden reversals such as Khrushchev's Twentieth Party Congress speech denouncing Stalin. When Stalin died in 1953, Kohout wrote: "We had admired and loved Stalin so much that we never thought of his death, never thought him mortal. Now we were shocked to the core. At times it seemed to us the end of everything." This belief in Russia as a savior and Stalin as a father figure was destroyed in one abrupt moment in August 1968, when Kohout heard an Italian news vendor shouting: *"Cecoslovacchia e occupata."*

History has its onlookers and its protagonists, and Kohout is necessarily a protagonist, caught up in the Communist crises of the Fifties and Sixties. Political events have become intertwined with his personal life. He tells us in the same breath about the two strands of his destiny, on the one hand his marriage and divorce and the death of his parents, on the other his difficulties with censorship and his stunned disbelief upon hearing the denunciation of Stalin in 1956.

The story of his three closest school friends is particularly telling: One dies on the Prague barricades in 1945; one becomes a CIA agent and is caught and sentenced to twelve years in prison; and the third becomes a state functionary whom Kohout meets, many years later, in the Czech embassy in Rome and who attempts to explain away the Soviet invasion. The real motive, he says, was a show of strength to oblige the West to prolong the existence of NATO, for if NATO crumbles, the Warsaw Pact crumbles, and Communism without the Warsaw Pact would be in danger in such countries as Hungary and Poland where it has not taken firm root. Kohout replies: "Are you trying to tell me that sincere Socialists and friends have been sacrificed for the sake of insincere ones?"

Having lived through that Prague spring when everything seemed possible, Kohout returned to a Prague where nothing seemed possible. His book, however, shows that there is a Czech genius for overcoming oppression and teaches us lesson: Let each man be his own historian.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Ej (*The Absentee*), 2Hh (*Patterns*), 3Jk (*Mag*), 4Ia (*As Freedom Is a Breakfast Food*), 5Ag (*The Apple-Barrel . . .*), 6Bl (*This Compost*), 7Dd (*Cherry Ripe*), 8Kf (*Owl & Pussycat*), 9Le (*May Magnificat*), 10Cc (*Blueberries*), 11Gb (*Sweeney Among the Nightingales*), 12Fi (*Ars Poetica*).

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WIT TWISTER NO. 282

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Round — — — — of noses press against the pane;

Round eyes behold sweet cakes and — — — — within.

No — — — — deters them; steadfast they remain—

Small, ardent suitors of the biscuit tin!

A. S.

(Answer on page 64)

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OPEN HEART
by Frederick Buechner
Atheneum, 276 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by George Malko

A lot of recent fiction—most of it? all of it?—is about people who are unable to believe in anything and how they go about accommodating the emptiness of their souls or transcending, sometimes, their own cruel gracelessness. *Open Heart*, Frederick Buechner's seventh novel, is about people who individually believe, or try to believe, in something and about what this belief does to them. The novel suggests, with at times a too-cozy certainty, that everyone really believes in something. "Show me the man who doesn't have his whole life to get off his chest, when you come right down to it," Buechner's hero, evangelist Leo Bebb, says at one point. But opening oneself to one's own belief, no matter how simple, can be complex, comic, or at times tragic.

Open Heart is a sequel to Buechner's very successful sixth novel, *Lion Country*. The dust jacket of *Open Heart*, front and back, is mottled with all the wonderful things reviewers said about *Lion Country*. Most of the main characters from *Lion Country* also populate *Open Heart*; Bebb, who moves his evangelical mission from Texas to Connecticut; his daughter, Sharon, who lives in Connecticut with her husband, Antonio Parr, the high school English teacher-narrator of the book; Lucille, Bebb's long-suffering, self-destructive wife; and some of the Indians, particularly Herman Redpath, whose death begins *Open Heart*.

Buechner lays down his narrative as effortlessly as a flycaster drops fifteen yards of line on the surface of a still pond, and expresses his most profound doubts with fluid decisiveness. The author has also listened carefully to the way people really talk to each other, and his accurate report of their words, in the mouths of his characters, lends considerable humor to the novel. Still, I am left with the feeling that *Open Heart* hasn't taken me anywhere. I've spent several hours inside a few extraordinary people, and they manage to become "ordinary" in the best sense of the word; I feel hope for them because they show me the remarkable resilience that most people possess. But if *Open Heart* is about something more than staying alive as best we can and doing it with a simple readiness to receive epiphanies along the way, then I missed it.

George Malko is a writer, playwright, and screenwriter.

TEACHERS AND POWER
The Story of the American Federation of Teachers
by Robert J. Braun
Simon & Schuster, 287 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by James Herndon

Tocqueville wrote that the people of America were always ready to be experts on religion, politics, and education. You'll note he included education in his list. No other subject engages the people so urgently. From Ivan Illich to black In-Community to the Mothers' Mafia in my own district, all voices are raised in the name of the people, and all opponents damned in the name of the people.

"The people" end up being the subject of Robert Braun's *Teachers and Power*, and the subject is exploited freely and foolishly. The book is supposed to be about the rise of a labor union, the American Federation of Teachers, and to the degree that Braun deals with an organization trying to come to power, it is a pleasure to read.

He begins with the early history of the union, the lives and times of the "warriors," and the rise of David Selden and Albert Shanker. Having laid the groundwork, the author comes to the high point of the book—the 1970 Newark, New Jersey, teachers' strike. A Newark reporter, Braun seems to know everything that happened during that strike. The reader is treated to the inside dope and to a picture of the miserable condition of the schools, the economic plight of the city, the helplessness of the mayor, and the multitude of complexities that characterized the event. The story is engrossing.

More important, Braun shows that the strike took place in a city where everything relates to everything else, where no one controls, where nobody knows how things became that way or, really, what to do about them. Through a detailed look at one of its institutions, the city as a whole is laid bare. But Braun's narrative reveals that there is *no community, no culture, and no "people,"* only a list of leaders and special interests and subcommittees doing things that lead to zero for the people. We soon see that each individual is thrown back upon himself to find reasons to act.

It is, therefore, a shame that Braun, betraying his own analysis, can't resist sliding into gratuitous hogwash simply because it is on his mind to blame the AFT for taking the control of public schools away from the people. Alongside an elegant account of a nation that has no idea how to educate its children, we get a vulgar account of a villain.

But there is, by his own testimony, no real villain—not even in the 1968 New York City teachers' strike, in which Braun has clearly found the defeat of community control by the union too much to bear. What—Rhody McCoy is the people? Scabbing college students are the people? And black and Puerto Rican teachers, 80 per cent of whom voted to stick with the union, are not the people? I work for wages for a people's school that has neither my well-being nor the children's in mind. So, while I don't expect the union can solve the problems of American schools, I do have to decide for myself how to teach the children of the people. I'll expect the AFT to act like a union in America, no more and no less, until something else—history, the people—catches up to us.

James Herndon is a junior high school teacher and the author of *The Way It Spozed to Be* and *How to Survive in Your Native Land*.

Jacket design by Lawrence Ratzkin.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1998)

MARK TWAIN:
THE INNOCENTS ABROAD

I have written about the Coliseum and the gladiators, the martyrs and the lions, and yet have never once used the phrase "butchered to make a Roman holiday." I am the only . . . man of mature age who has accomplished this since Byron originated the expression.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 63: nubs, buns, snub.

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The New York Jazz Festival

BY STANLEY DANCE

The first Newport Jazz Festival in New York (July 1–9) was a remarkable feat of organization on the part of impresario George Wein and a small, dedicated staff. It was also, to a very considerable extent, an artistic success. Commercial compromise, in fact, generally proved unnecessary, except at the outdoor events in Yankee Stadium. Twenty thousand people turned out there for the program on the eighth, which unquestionably was the festival's artistic nadir.

Despite occasional deficiencies in the amplification, Carnegie Hall, Philharmonic Hall, and even Radio City Music Hall provided opportunities for hearing jazz artists under better conditions than were ever possible in inhospitable Newport. New York took the festival in its stride, while affording a wide choice of facilities for the visitors from all over the world. Another year, surely, the city will be more awake to the festival's potential as a tourist attraction.

The official program succeeded in exhibiting the great variety of jazz idioms that now exist. Some six hundred musicians were employed, and there were still others, not unexpectedly, disgruntled at not being asked to participate. A counterfestival, mainly featuring the younger avant-gardists, was in a sense complementary, as was also a kind of unofficial prologue, in the Felt Forum, organized by CTI Records and featuring that label's artists.

Big bands, stressing alumni reunions, tended to become the festival's 1972 core. The massive sounds of Stan Kenton and the Jones-Lewis bands contrasted with those of Woody Herman's current raging herd; a pickup group coped with the adventurous charts of Charles Mingus; Count Basie's matchless ensemble, poised and swinging, was challenged at a midnight dance in the Hotel Commodore by Sy Oliver's smaller group. The last named quickly won the affection of dancers with tempos and numbers that evoked memories of Jimmie Lunceford's band, of which Oliver was an original, potent part. Earlier that night Basie encountered a specially assembled group led by Benny Carter, the great arranger and saxophonist, who was making a long-overdue return to his hometown as a player. His rhythm section of Teddy Wilson, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones was certainly the most formidable competition Basie has had for a long time in that area.

Wilson, who seemed to be stimulated by the renewed association with Carter, appeared not only in an exciting alumni band led by Lionel Hampton but also at one of the midnight jam sessions, as well as in the group that accompanied Lee Wiley in her disappointing reappearance. His impeccable taste and time made him one of the festival's true heroes. The final big band of the series was led by Duke Ellington, who rose to the occasion at a Carnegie Hall matinee with one of the great performances of his career. Among the high spots were superb versions of two suites, *Togo Brava* and *Harlem*. The concert reached its climax with some astonishing vocal virtuosity by Aura, a gorgeous singer from Rumania. For those with even larger appetites, there was Ornette Coleman with a symphony orchestra to play his new composition *The Skies of America*.

The New Orleans contingents satisfied the public that joined them for a "river boat" session on a Staten Island ferry and at a concert in Philharmonic Hall. An excellent edition of the Olympia Brass Band, with two strutting marshals and Milton Batiste's powerful trumpet properly featured, delighted onlookers as it paraded around the plaza at Lincoln Center. Apart from B. B. King at Yankee Stadium, the blues singers were underemphasized, but Robert Pete Williams from Louisiana was an uncompromising representative of the species.

What was especially noticeable at the New Orleans concerts was the racial make-up of the audience. Although the players were predominantly black, the audience was 99 per cent white. At Carnegie Hall a concert of Dixielandish character was built around Eddie Condon and the World's Greatest Jazz Band, and both audience and musicians were mainly white. Exactly the reverse was true at Felt Forum. Otherwise, a sizable degree of integration prevailed.

The series of "Connoisseur" concerts presented at 1 p.m. daily in Carnegie Hall pleased local enthusiasts but irritated most Europeans, who viewed them as intolerable examples of the American "cocktail" mentality or "jazz vaudeville" approach. It was often necessary for attendees to sit through two or three irksome acts to hear one they liked. There were others, of course, who were obviously inexperienced. It was gratifying to see many young people at most events, although their enthusiasm was often indiscriminate. They seemed to be excited as much by famous names as by what they heard. Two of them, in elevated condition, and seated next to this writer, fell asleep during a repetitive piano solo by Cecil Taylor that lasted some forty minutes. When it ended and applause began, they awoke and sprang to their feet, clapping.

The supposed sophistication of many of the small groups was somewhat belied by the costumes they affected. Many musicians seemed to be fugitives from a fancy dress ball. Some came prepared for tennis or a ride on the pampas, others for an affair with Dracula or a flight to the moon. In at least one case, the attire gave off a distinct odor of mothballs.

Two midnight jam sessions in Radio City Music Hall were perhaps the most surprising successes. Both were completely sold out, and it was heartening to see the huge queues that stretched for blocks before the doors opened. Musically, high spots were offset by lows that resulted from crowding too many performers into the three-hour programs. Nevertheless, Roy Eldridge, Buddy Tate, and Charles Mingus turned in memorable performances. Overcrowding also marred the gospel concert on the final day. There were too many acts, and none could quite get the show—and the audience—off the ground, although Marion Williams and Jessy Dixon came close to doing so.

Besides all the musical events, there were seminars at which such subjects as "Bootlegging and the Record Industry," "Jazz and Sociology," and "Jazz Educators" were earnestly discussed by the expert and the not-so-expert.

In sum, it was a festival that gave much pleasure but required extraordinary stamina. There may be a breathing space at the midway point next year. How about campaign medals, too? □

Stanley Dance is a well-known authority on jazz, author of *The World of Duke Ellington*, and a frequent contributor to *SR*.

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Theater

An Egoless Theater

BY HENRY HEWES

The winner of the 1971/72 Vernon Rice Award for the outstanding contribution to Off-Broadway theater is the Chelsea Theater Center of Brooklyn. This comes as no surprise. Of the four major productions staged at the Chelsea's 205-seat theater for its own Brooklyn audience, one (*The Screens*) won the Drama Critics Circle Award as the best foreign play of the season, and two (*Kaddish* and *The Beggar's Opera*) transferred to regular Off-Broadway playhouses for substantial runs. In its Brown Bag Series, the Chelsea introduced Michael Weller (*Now There's Just the Three of Us*), and David Wiltse (*Tall and Rex*), two outstanding new American playwrights. Five performers in its productions received Obie Awards, and two of its designers won Maharam Awards.

So much visible success and recognition is out of character for the Chelsea. In its seven seasons of operation it has sought simply to fill the gap left when Off-Broadway began to find the presentation of the sort of serious work it had done in the Fifties and early Sixties too expensive.

The Chelsea was born as an Off-Off-Broadway workshop when Robert Kalfin, a director trained at Yale and living in the Chelsea district of Manhattan, was offered the use of a church parish hall. After doing more than forty plays at this hall and at another church, Kalfin was invited by the Brooklyn Academy of Music to move his operations to its small upstairs playhouse. There, the Chelsea could become a high-quality theater doing professionally the kind of plays ordinarily done less skillfully and completely Off-Off-Broadway.

In Brooklyn Kalfin was joined by two other Yale Drama School graduates, Michael David and Burl Hash. Although David's specialty is administration and Hash's is technical, the trio now refers to their collaborative organization as "a three-headed monster," because each becomes involved in the others' areas.

This has led to a policy of open decision making, in which everything is thoroughly discussed and weighed by all three. Indeed, when apprentices from the Great Lakes colleges (Antioch, Oberlin, Albion, Kalamazoo, et al.) come to Brooklyn to work, the three Chelsea heads see to it that these students are in on all discussions and meetings. Kalfin is so adept as an artistic director, advising and asking the right questions about a production, that he frequently finds himself relinquishing directorial assignments he himself would have liked in order to perform this more valuable function.

Although this is enjoyable, as is bringing together exciting new combinations of talent, the open way the Chelsea operates demands that Kalfin, David, and Hash possess a degree of egolessness rarely found in artistic enterprises. Yet that egolessness, accompanied by superior organization and a willingness to serve the best interests of the play at all costs, has made the Chelsea most attractive to almost everyone who has worked there.

It has also made the Chelsea less concerned with making a "success" of each effort. No matter how much critics may rave about a particular production, it remains for the Chelsea directors a piece of work whose realization inevitably falls short of what the triumverate wanted to achieve. Yet this "failure" doesn't depress them. Considering the kind of plays they do, they expect it.

The Chelsea deliberately avoids acquiring a reputation for producing one kind of work with one special slant. Kalfin reads hundreds of plays a year, always looking, not for good box-office possibilities, but for plays the Chelsea ought to do. Currently, for instance, he has ten plays that really turn him on and that he feels should be done as major productions. Then he has about twenty-five more that are smaller, more experimental, or merely pieces of quiet, good writing by unknown playwrights. And finally he has five revivals of works that could be done in a new way.

However, this kind of operation begins by recognizing that only a small portion of its expense can be recouped at the box office. (This last season, with more than 95 per cent attendance, only 15 per cent of the Chelsea's budget was provided by seat sales.) The rest must come from foundation grants, federal, state, and local government support, and private contributions.

This means that the Chelsea must raise $208,500 for 1972/73, $260,500 for 1973/74, and $286,000 for 1974/75. A case against such support for the Chelsea can be made by regional theaters competing for subsidy. After all, for the same amount of money they can produce more plays that will be seen by more theatergoers.

However, the importance of the Chelsea may not be measurable in the numbers that view its productions. As Kalfin explains it: "We feed into the mainstream of American theater plays that reflect what is going on in the world, plays that push the theater to new frontiers." Such plays, in his opinion, include LeRoi Jones's *Slave Ship*, Edward Bond's *Saved*, Heathcote Williams's *AC/DC*, Peter Handke's *Self Accusation* and *My Foot, My Tutor*.

The Chelsea may appeal to foundations because its top ticket price is $2.95 five days a week and because it manages to stretch its funds a long way. What other professional producer could have staged *The Screens* for $80,000? Moreover, the Chelsea is investigating ways of reaping income from productions that are moved to Off-Broadway. To date, the costs of transfer have exceeded subsequent box-office revenue with five of the six shows that have moved. Only *The Beggar's Opera*, currently a hit at Off-Broadway's McAlpin Rooftop, promises to return any funds to the Chelsea. But if the Chelsea controlled its own playhouse Off-Broadway and could transfer popular productions immediately at the end of their Brooklyn runs, the costs would be greatly reduced.

Finally, of course, foundations recognize that, in a sense, the Chelsea is a regional theater serving Brooklyn, a city of three million people. Sixty per cent of the audience are Brooklynites, who have turned out to be more adventurous theatergoers than one might expect and many of whom find the Chelsea's stimulating work a necessity. (Those who prefer more conventional entertainment can take the subway to Broadway.) Fortunately, Brooklyn Borough President Sebastian Leone not only appreciates the Chelsea for performing this function but also understands its essential nature. "Above all," he says, "the Chelsea must be praised for not trying to pass off for avant-garde what is really commercial theater, and for sticking to its purpose and producing plays previously unseen by American audiences." □

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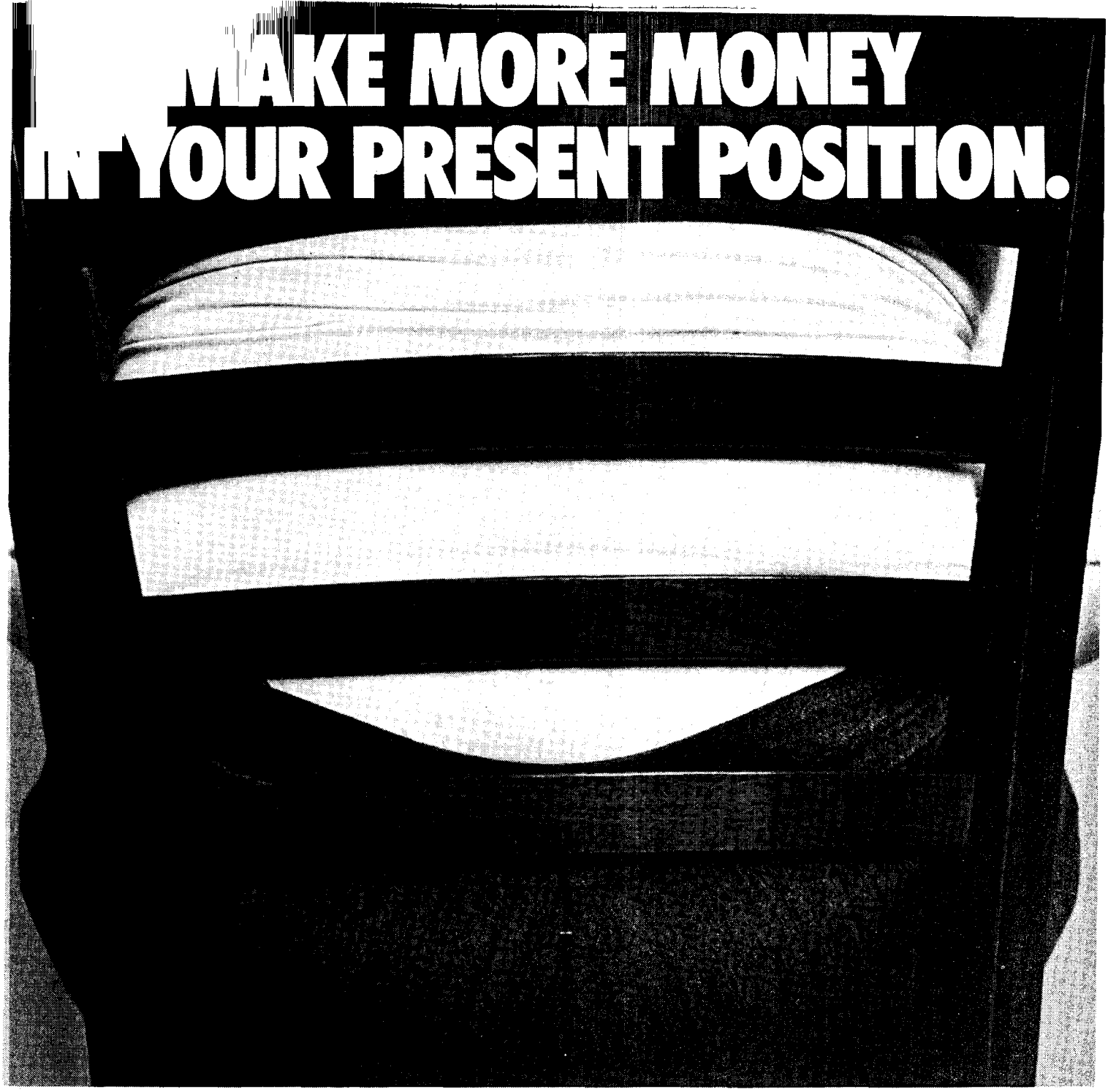

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Films

The New Old West

BY ARTHUR KNIGHT

One might suppose from the first reel or so of *Joe Kidd*, Clint Eastwood's latest venture into Western terrain, that we were off into another of those movies that pick at scabs on the American conscience. Soon after the film opens, with our hero lolling in a frontier lockup, reluctantly sharing a cell with two Mexicans, the town is attacked by a Mexican band headed by John Saxon. Bursting into the courthouse, Saxon announces that what he wants for his people is justice. The white man has stolen their lands; when they sought reparations, they were told that the documents had been burned in Santa Fe. Whereupon Saxon and his men haul out the papers of the local court, set them ablaze, shoot up the town, free their *compañeros* from the jail, and ride off into the hills.

With similar injustices to the American Indians fresh in our minds, *Joe Kidd* prepares us to be wholly sympathetic to the plight of yet another minority group. Of course, they had nothing to gain by burning the court's records, and shooting up the town seemed a bit excessive, and trying to kidnap the Judge as hostage—a gambit foiled by the quick-thinking (if slow-moving) Eastwood—was really going too far. Even so, didn't Clint refuse to join the Sheriff's posse? And isn't Clint always on the side of the good guys?

It is perhaps symptomatic of the way in which contemporary attitudes are so often manipulated in our movies that, once the sympathies have been elicited, the script (by Elmore Leonard) forgets all about this aspect of the story. Eastwood refuses to join the posse because, as he puts it, he has no quarrel with the Mexicans. For the same reason, he turns down land baron Robert Duvall's offer of $500 to join his trio of gunmen in hunting down John Saxon. But when he discovers that the Mexicans, in their withdrawal, have stolen his horses and tortured one of his men, Eastwood joins up with Duvall's gang—for $1,000. (Incidentally, am I the only one who finds it odd that a land baron who can afford his own gunmen—about two dozen of them before the picture is over—would risk his own neck on what would seem to be a fairly minor punitive expedition?)

The only reason for pursuing this any further is that what follows seems so typical of today's unhappy heroes. Eastwood becomes revolted by the cold-blooded tactics of Duvall and his men, particularly after they take a small town populated exclusively by Mexicans and threaten to kill off their hostages in batches of five until Saxon gives himself up. He is even more distressed when he discovers that Saxon has no intention of surrendering, no matter how many may be slaughtered. In the past, Western heroes were men who had made a commitment—to the cattlemen, to the ranchers, to the railroads, to the victims of oppression, whatever. Eastwood's commitment, however, is solely to himself and, to justify this, both sides are depicted as rotten. To make matters worse, the law that Eastwood has vowed he would turn Saxon over to is shown to be equally corrupt.

Director John Sturges, an old hand at Western action adventures, does his level best to keep the action moving so briskly that audiences have little time to question the quite frightening implications of his script. There are pursuits, frequent fights and shoot-outs, an attempted rape, and, for a finale, a locomotive that plunges off its tracks and plows through half a town before coming to rest in a saloon where, conveniently, Eastwood can gun down most of his opposition. But the implications remain. Its creators are men who have no sympathies, no commitments; for them, the entire world is corrupt. And the man that they have chosen as their hero, Joe Kidd, in his single-minded purpose of turning the corrupt Mexican over to a corrupt justice, is demonstrably mad.

The same attitudes, the same madness, are to be found in *The Wrath of God*, a kind of Central American Western set in the late Twenties. Not only are opposing factions—the government, the revolutionaries, the counter-revolutionaries—made up of fanatical, blood-lusting lunatics, but so are its putative heroes. Robert Mitchum is a defrocked priest who travels with Bible and tommygun. Victor Buono, the proprietor of a seedy hotel, was a British informer during the Irish "troubles" of 1920. Ken Hutchison was a terrorist on the other side. Fate—and Ralph Nelson's screenplay—throws them together in a plot to murder a blood-crazed dictator in a remote province (Frank Langella). The fact is that John Colicos, the dictator who is trying to unseat his neighboring dictator, is every bit as sanguinary. The film opens with his firing squads shooting down prisoners in a public square in the midst of a *fiesta*.

What differentiates *The Wrath of God* from, say, *Joe Kidd* is Nelson's attempt to lend a supernatural significance to his story. Langella is, to put it mildly, anticlerical. Mitchum boldly defies him by holding mass, baptisms, and weddings as baits for a trap that will lure the young dictator to his death. It doesn't quite work, and Mitchum is trussed with barbed wire to a crucifix. Before he dies, the crucifix plunges down, crushing Langella. The film never quite gets around to asking the question, but was Mitchum doing God's work or Colicos's? Does God need such bloody tools His wonders to perform? Whatever the answer, the fact is that once again we have as our central characters (it is difficult to think of them as heroes) men who are themselves corrupt caught between opposing forces of corruption. And once again we have a dictator—Ralph Nelson directing as if he were Sam Peckinpah—who manages to conceal the dubious morality of his theme in the flurry of incessant action.

Curiously, this notion of the Western hero as a loner with commitments to no one but himself appears yet again in *Junior Bonner*, which Sam Peckinpah wrote and directed as if he were Ralph Nelson. In it the time has been moved up to the present, with Steve McQueen as a fading rodeo rider who wants to win just one more time. One senses throughout Peckinpah's nostalgia for the old West and the old values. Clearly, he detects and rejects the blatant commercialism of the present (as personified by McQueen's land-grabbing brother, Joe Don Baker), but he is also realist enough to know that the West of the past—the open frontier where a man could rove free—is a shattered dream. Junior Bonner walks between these two irreconcilable forces. If he is unable to make a commitment, however, it is because he can clearly see what is wrong with the new West but has no idea of what is right any more.

Junior Bonner is a sober, thoughtful, and ultimately moving film. □

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Phoenix Nest

Bunkers, Claghorns, and Other Name-Droppers

EDITED BY MARTIN LEVIN

Some months ago the editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* referred to a politician as a "Claghorn." The politician didn't complain, but a Mrs. Claghorn did. She said the Claghorns had fought in the War Between the States. She wanted to know why a fellow southerner would stoop so low as to keep alive the notion that her family name was synonymous with "demagogue."

At the time I thought, well, tough luck for her! It surely wasn't the editor's fault that the late Fred Allen had picked Claghorn as the name of a southern senator in a mythical cast that included Mrs. Nussbaum, Mr. Cassidy, Titus Moody, et al.

Today I'm a good deal more sorry for Mrs. Claghorn than I used to be.

My middle name is Bunker. Why, man, Bunker Hill was named after us! At the age of fifteen, my grandmother Bunker presided with an iron hand over a one-room Maine schoolhouse. Four of her brothers went West in the California Gold Rush—Bainbridge died en route, and I own his watch; Solon was one of the first settlers of Big Piney, Wyoming; Frank and Fred founded Independence, Kansas.

Grandma Bunker used to say that the family name came from the French *bon coeur*, good heart.

There are four main branches of Bunkers in the United States, and they are known as the Dover, New Hampshire; New London, New Hampshire; Boston, Massachusetts; and Charlestown, Massachusetts, lines. The Dover line, which I come from, has the most members. We descend from James Buncker, who was born in Slapton, Devonshire, England, and "first appears" in Kittery, Maine, at the age of eighteen, in 1646. By that time, the Buncker had changed to Bunker. James moved to Dover, where he built a fortified home that successfully withstood a devastating Indian attack in 1694.

And now along comes a Mr. Norman Lear, who creates a television character named Archie Bunker. And suddenly we Bunkers are practically in the dictionary as slobbish, malapropian bigots. Whom do we sue?

The only solace I can find is that, if misery loves company, we and the Claghorns have plenty of fellow sufferers. I've been doing some tireless research on the subject. How many families that once had utterly commonplace names have suddenly found themselves objects of ridicule?

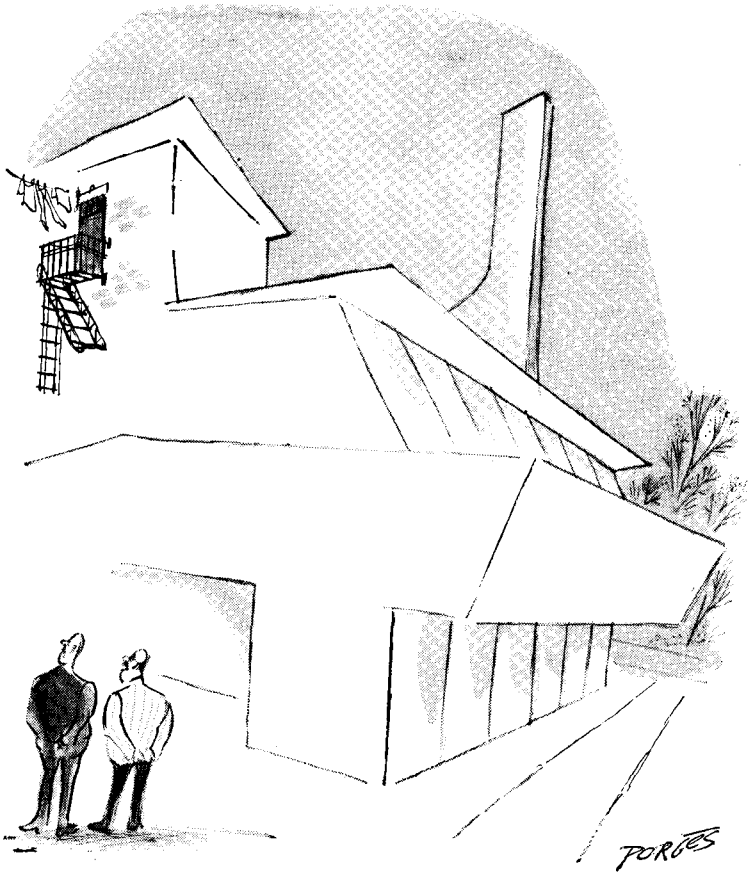
The Babbitts, Flintstones, Dagwoods, Bumsteads, and Charlie Browns come immediately to mind. But there are scores of others—and the phenomenon is as old as history.

Consider the Scandinavian Quislings. Now, with a lower-case "q," the poor souls are in the dictionary. So are the Frankensteins, although the fictional Baron F. wasn't himself a monster; he merely built one. "Miss Frankenstein, may I present Mr. Quisling?"

The emergence of new slang has always been a factor and explains why a Miss Fink or a Mrs. Goofer may appear in court seeking to become name-droppers. A friend of mine named Gaylord is asking his pals to stop using his first syllable as a nickname. Gross, a fairly commonplace surname, has suddenly become teen-aged slang for absolutely everything revolting. True enough, "gross" has always meant something coarse and vulgar. But as used by the teens, it runs the gamut of awfulness from homework to something the cat contributed to the ecology. The surname Camp was once associated with the manly Walter, who used to do daily dozen exercises. Now "camp" means dated and corny.

Not to call the whole roll, but a few names that some people might want to drop are Belcher, Boozer, Butt, Craven, Duff, Gutt, Hickey, Hoar, Loon, Necker, Nudie, Nutt, Pansey, Pott, Pyle, Rumph, Sapp, Tarte, and Welcher. There are many others, some utterly unprintable except as *names*.

Judas was an acceptable name prior to the New Testament, but I don't believe anyone has ever been so *christened*. Minstrel shows had the effect of all but eliminating the once popular



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names of Rufus and Remus and nicknames of Rastus and Mose. In the 1890s Percival somehow became a name for sissies and lost much of its popularity. Gracie Allen and the term Dumb Dora nearly wiped out those given names for a generation. Edgar Bergen's Mortimer Snerd caused a similar reaction. For some reason Fanny became a slightly improper noun.

Conversely, Joan of Arc was responsible for thousands of Joans. Maxine Elliott, the stage name of an Edwardian beauty, caused the show-girl rage for Maxine. Florence Nightingale, named for the Italian city, was the first Florence. Kipling launched a raft of Kims. Shirley Temple, Brenda Frazier, Gary Cooper, and Cary Grant popularized those given names.

What amazed me, though, when I started to brood over what Archie has done to the Bunkers, is the fact that book authors have just about ceased creating memorable characters.

Of the fictional names cited above, only one, Babbitt, comes from a book written this century. Radio, television, and comic strips have provided names galore. But what happened to the supposedly unforgettable characters created by Hemingway, Dreiser, Fitzgerald, Galsworthy, Wells, Steinbeck, O'Hara, O'Neill, Marquand, and Morley?

I'm sure there are some I've overlooked, but the only book characters of the twentieth century that come readily to mind, besides Babbitt, are Pollyanna and Lord Greystoke, better known as Tarzan. Also, the Snopeses, Arrowsmith, James Bond, and Elmer Gantry, if you want to stretch a point. A hundred years from now, will the only twentieth-century book characters listed in dictionaries be a vulgar real estate salesman, a resolutely saccharine orphan, and an improbable Britisher reared by apes?

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(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

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THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

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THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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Kingsley Double-Crostic

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

No. 1999

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Set right; corrected	10 39 52 64 96 148 161 174 190
B. Irritated; hankered	197 221 46 69 100 160
C. "Then she rode forth, clothed on with ____." (Tennyson, "Godiva")	171 203 219 5 30 42 56 75
D. Handful; hornet's nest (2 wds.)	87 94 121 151 177 202 14 36 65
E. Fr. writer (1913-60); "L'Etranger"; full name)	78 118 127 142 157 8 212 19 71 33 49
F. "Live pure, speak true, ____, follow the King." (2 wds.; Tennyson, "Gareth and Lynette")	55 81 104 133 140 218 20 29 61 168
G. Made known	179 200 11 111 138 155 170 224 17
H. Noteworthy, extraordinary	23 51 95 117 146 158 181 63 152 163
I. Arctic rodent related to the mouse	183 191 205 223 7 25 34
J. Not definite or clear to the mind	98 116 129 172 189 41 85 182 209 228
K. Donkey (Brit. sl.)	91 167 196 21 126
L. Emits (2 wds.)	106 124 210 9 45 130 175 227
M. Brother of Bran, Menawyddan, and Brunwen (Welsh legend)	16 38 82 113 162 187 143 58 103
N. Actors; pantomimists	114 213 99 150 164 176 59
O. Acknowledgements	60 92 215 109 76 101 115 137 167 89
P. Place of pilgrimage, N Israel	198 208 1 24 40 67 80 136
Q. Surname of Arthur Train's fictional lawyer	4 72 88 97
R. Disturb keenly or painfully	35 48 79 207 2 135
S. Am. poet and journalist (1850-95; "A Little Book of Western Verse"; full name)	145 214 83 102 131 169 217 226 70 194 22
T. Immediately (2 wds.)	43 57 199 50 125 156 31 84
U. Growing on bark, as a lichen	134 193 222 12 18 28 3 147 108 119 225
V. Fine-drawn distinction	93 6 74 68 13 186 77 153
W. Large two-handled ancient jar with an oval body	27 178 154 141 206 220 211
X. Envelopment	144 112 90 73 173 122 201 86
Y. Used as a reserve; serving as an aid	54 128 192 159 44 184 105 180 15
Z. Rose up swiftly, spectacularly, and with force	47 37 120 165 139 132 204 62
Z^1. Afr. mammal related to and resembling the giraffe	32 26 188 53 149
Z^2. Olga Kireev ____: Russ. journalist (1840-1925; "Russia and England")	110 195 123 166 66 216 185

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 P	2 R	3 U	4 Q	—	5 C	6 V	7 I	8 E	9 L	10 A	11 G		12 U
13 V	14 D	15 Y	16 M	17 G		18 U	19 E	20 F	21 K		22 S	23 H	24 P	25 I	26 Z^1		27 W	
28 U	29 F	30 C		31 T	32 Z^1	33 E	34 I	35 R	36 D		37 Z	38 M	39 A	40 P		41 J	42 C	43 T
44 Y	45 L		46 B	47 Z	48 R	49 E	50 T	51 H	52 A		53 Z^1	54 Y	55 F	56 C	57 T	58 M	59 N	
60 O	61 F	62 Z		63 H	64 A	65 D	66 Z^2	67 P		68 V	69 B	70 S	71 E		72 Q	73 X		74 V
75 C		76 O	77 V	78 E	79 R	80 P	81 F	82 M	83 S		84 T	85 J	86 X	87 D	88 Q	89 O		90 X
91 K	92 O		93 V	94 D	95 H	96 A	97 Q	98 J	99 N	100 B	101 O		102 S	103 M	104 F	105 Y	106 L	107 K
108 U		109 O	110 Z^2		111 G	112 X	113 M	114 N	115 O	116 J	117 H	118 E		119 U	120 Z	121 D	122 X	123 Z^2
124 L	125 T	126 K		127 E	128 Y	129 J		130 L	131 S		132 Z	133 F	134 U		135 R	136 P	137 O	138 G
139 Z		140 F	141 W	142 E	143 M		144 X	145 S	146 H	147 U		148 A	149 Z^1	150 N	151 D	152 H	153 V	
154 W	155 G	156 T	157 E		158 H	159 Y	160 B	161 A		162 M	163 H	164 N	165 Z	166 Z^2	167 O	168 F		169 S
170 G	171 C	172 J	173 X	174 A		175 L	176 N	177 D	178 W		179 G	180 Y	181 H	182 J		183 I	184 Y	185 Z^2
186 V	187 M		188 Z^1	189 J	190 A		191 I	192 Y	193 U	194 S	195 Z^2	196 K	197 B	198 P	199 T		200 G	201 X
	202 D	203 C	204 Z		205 I	206 W	207 R	208 P	209 J		210 L	211 W	212 E	213 N	214 S	215 O		216 Z^2
217 S		218 F	219 C	220 W	221 B	222 U	223 I	224 G		225 U	226 S	227 L	228 J					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 64 of this issue.

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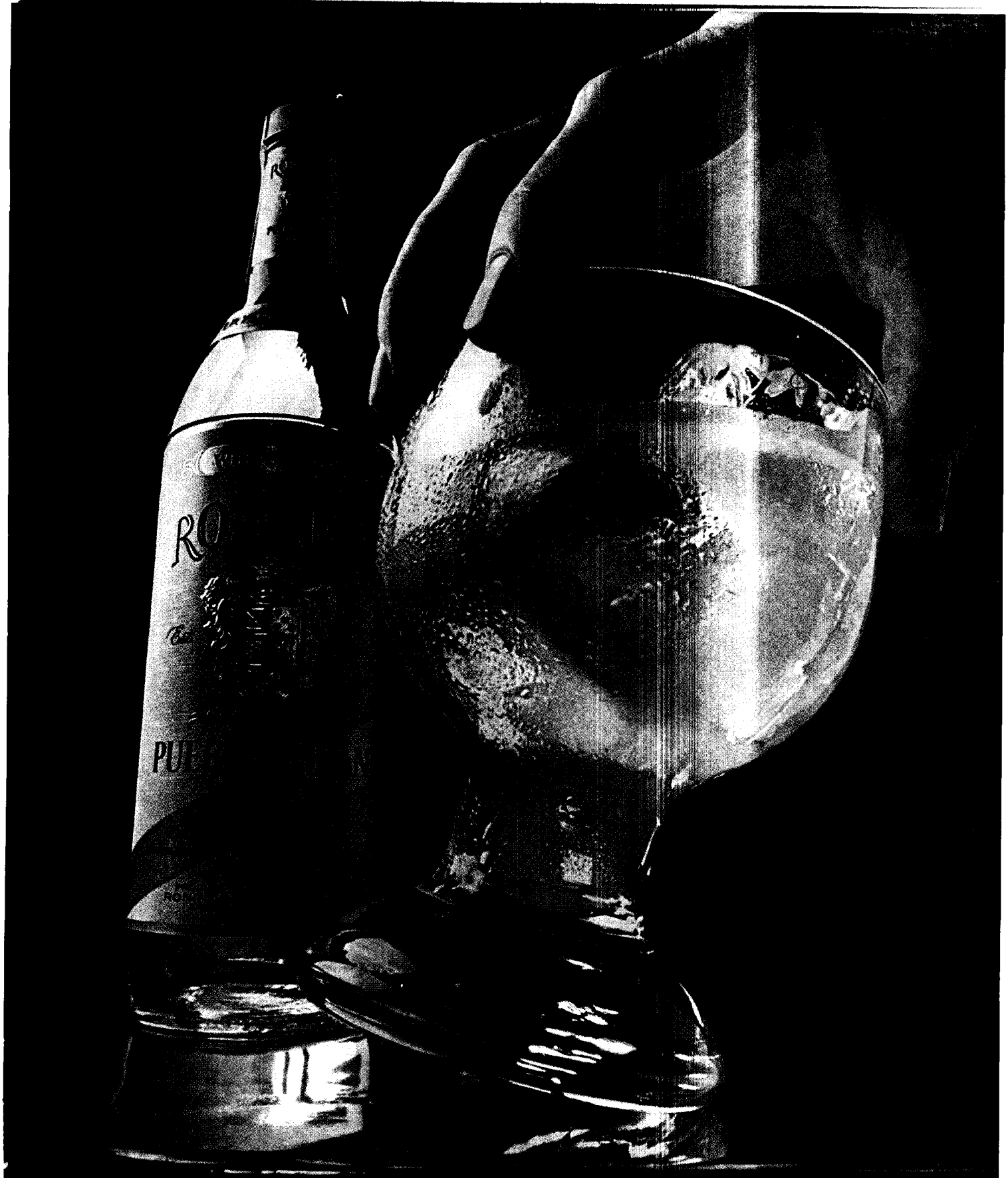

You can go through life with an ordinary rum that makes ordinary daiquiris. Or you can use Ronrico. Life is long.

©1972 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico. The rum with the bright taste.

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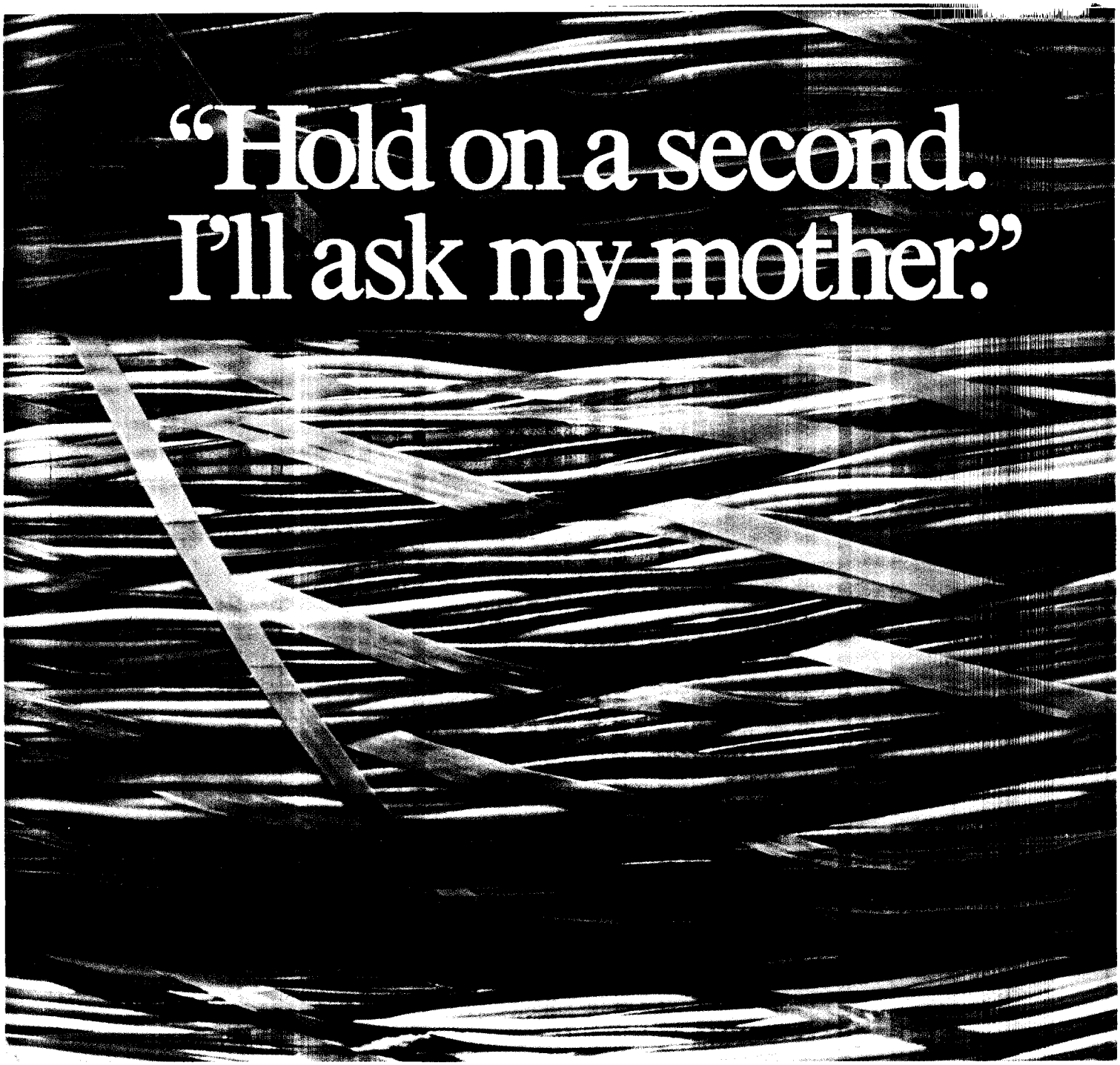

When you're a six-year-old on the telephone, your whole world can hang on a wire or a cable. We make millions of miles of it each year. And every single bit gets the kid glove treatment.

For example, there's an electrical test we use that can detect even the slightest break in the insulation. If we find one, it gets fixed right away. Because we won't stand for something that might break up a conversation.

We're Western Electric – at the heart of the Bell System. We try to make things as perfect as humanly possible. Simply because you never know when a six-year-old is counting on you.

Western Electric

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